

The Rambler.

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THE LORDS AND THE JEWS.

WE are utterly puzzled to conceive what that Christianity is which they say is "part and parcel of the law of the land." We cannot divine what notions were in the heads of the Peers who spoke the other night against the "Jew-Bill" in the House of Lords, when they maintained that it is contrary to the spirit of the British constitution that a man who is not "a Christian" should have votes among our wise and particularly devout statesmen and senators. Surely their Lordships are not in such a state of helpless bewilderment as to fancy that it is the mere audible sound of the word "Christianity" which is the token of eligibility to our legislative assemblies. Surely they mean *something* when they talk about the Christian revelation, and the Jewish creed, and the Talmud, and Jerusalem. The whole thing is surely not a mere child's play upon words, a game at verbal puzzles, or a conjurer's trickery, in which these potent, grave, and reverend signors try to frighten the whole nation into political convulsions by the sight of a shadowy monster, the optical illusion of a sort of theological sleight-of-hand.

We must own, indeed, to a lurking suspicion that there is some such legerdemain involved in the affair from beginning to end, and that the noble Peers of this realm are first of all dismayed by a bug-a-boo of their own creation, and then proceed to terrify their audience out of doors into a sympathy with their own palpitating alarms. In a word, we cannot perceive that this popular saying about the Christianity of the English constitution is any thing better than unmitigated word-splitting and self-delusion. For—to ask a plain question—what is meant by it? Can these senators put their ideas into any other form of words than that which they all adopt? Can they drop their cant phraseology, and talk about

the matter in plain English? Can any two of them agree in such an explanation of their sentiments as would satisfy a sharp Chancery barrister, who would not be put off with words when he wanted ideas? When they say that we have a *Christian* constitution, can they substitute for the word "Christian" any other word, or any corresponding definition, which shall convey to the mind a distinct conception of the nature of that quality which they thus predicate of the laws of the imperial kingdom?

The truth is, that the whole affair is an arrant imposition upon our common sense. The word "Christianity," when it means any thing, means a collection of certain definite doctrines, certain ideas, certain opinions, that such and such things are true, in heaven and earth, and that such and such events will befall the human species in another world. The Christian religion is not a book, nor a set of sounds, nor a quantity of phrases; nor does it consist in the fact, that a man calls himself a Christian, or says that "Christianity" is true, and not false. All these things are either the outward tokens of some inward, spiritual, existing ideas and truths in the mind; or else they are shams, impostures, and mockeries. If the Christianity of the British constitution has no more tangible, real existence, than is thus to be found in the fourteen letters which make up the five syllables of the word, then all we can say is, that the sooner such an insult to common sense, and such a flagrant piece of irreverence towards the God of eternal truth, is swept away from our imaginary statute-book, the better for every man that owns the name of Englishman.

In no real sense of the word whatever is Christianity the law of the land. There are no religious doctrines at all in which the Legislature of the country, as at present constituted, is agreed. In every single detail of real inward belief, they are wider asunder than the North and South Poles. What one half of our statesmen believe to be the pure truth, that the other half account an accursed lie. The opponents of the Jewish Relief Bill are literally more opposed to one another in their own positive creed, than to the unfortunate Hebrews themselves. We should like, but for the frightful levity and profaneness which would be exhibited, to bring one or two theological subjects under discussion among that very House of Peers which debated the question the other night with such confident dogmatism. We should like to ask their Lordships round, what was their opinion as to the tremendously momentous question of the justification of man in the sight of God? Why, there is not a shadow of doubt that a very large proportion of these polemic Peers would actually give an exposition which would be less opposed to the Jewish doctrine, than to that of their Christian opponents in the theologi-

cal arena. The very Bishops themselves would be most conspicuous in their unqualified and absolute mutual opposition. Imagine the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Exeter agreeing in a definition of faith! Imagine the evangelical Lord Winchelsea and the High-Church Lord Lyttelton called upon for their common "Christianity!" Conceive a set of decrees, or articles, drawn up by a committee consisting of Dr. Hampden, Dr. Wilberforce, and Dr. Blomfield, and revised, corrected, and subscribed to by Lord Ellenborough, Lord Stanley, and Lord Brougham! There is something so inimitably ludicrous in the very idea, that one is tempted to wonder how men of uprightness and common modesty can have the audacity to get up and announce that one common faith, *i. e.* the Christian religion, is at the present moment a characteristic of their Lordships' House of Parliament.

Why, therefore, the Jews should not sit in the Imperial Legislature, on any *Christian* ground, we are wholly at a loss to imagine. Men who disagree on such vital truths as the nature of Almighty God himself, the inspiration of the Bible, and the conditions upon which man is to be saved, are already so utterly opposed to each other in all religious faith, that it is nothing more than a glaring mockery to exclude people of any other variation of creed, merely because the present Members of Parliament are agreed to call themselves by the word "Christians." If it could be proved that the principles actually professed by the present race of Jews were opposed to the essential laws of the state; if they could be shewn to advocate thieving, or murder, or treason, or communism, or to refuse to pay the taxes, or to fill those offices which they might be called upon to undertake as members of the Legislature, here would be a tangible and unanswerable ground why we should still exclude them. But while people who call themselves by the word "Christians" are ready to denounce one another by every opprobrious name under the sun; while one portion of our very Christian Legislature is firmly convinced that the creed of the other portion is the invention of the devil, and the ruin of men's souls; it is too much to ask us to shut out these "Mosaic Arabs," as their friend and kinsman Disraeli calls them, because they own a creed hostile to all our own endless varieties of opinion. There is nothing like consistency and honesty in all things. If we were all agreed, it would be a happy and blessed fact, indeed, as it would have been an unspeakable joy for man if he had never sinned. But as we are not agreed; as we are only agreed in condemning each other, and, like zealous and sincere men, in making converts, each to his own faith,—why, in the name of all that is honourable, decent, and true, do we put on this ridiculous mask of unanimity, for the single purpose of shutting the doors of our Senate-house against the unfortunate people whose money we are perpetually borrowing to pay our debts, and to enable us to go to war with other "Christian" countries in various parts of the world? God forbid that we should ever advocate a step which might cast the faintest breath of dishonour upon those real truths which our Lord Jesus Christ did actually reveal to man; but God forbid also that we should ever play the hypocrite under the guise of religiousness, and pretend to be agreed in one common Christianity, only for the sake of visiting with a severe chastisement those men who, however we may deplore their religious aberrations, at least keep the laws of the land as well as we do ourselves!

ENGLISH AND FRENCH SHOP-SOLDIERY.

"*Adieu, ma femme; adieu, mes enfans; allons, pour la France et la gloire!*"

"What a confounded bore this special-constable work is!"

So cries the Frenchman, and so growls the Englishman, when a threatened *émeute* or row summons him from behind the counter to the defence of his household gods against Communists, Socialists, Anarchists, or Chartists. The one shoulders his Government-presented musket, and talks of glory; the other lays hold of his oaken baton, and submits to do his duty with a complaint and a grunt. The one thinks little of being called out day after day by the never-ending *rappel* of the National Guard, to which it is his pride to belong, and after toiling, and marching, and standing guard all through a broiling day in the streets of Paris, with little or nothing to eat and drink, trudges home at night, accounts himself decidedly a hero, though mayhap in a small way, and goes to bed to dream of "*la patrie*;" the other considers that it is one of the most horrible features of Chartism, that it makes honest tradesmen go without their dinners, and after one single day's duty, gets so savage with Feargus O'Connor and all his *protégés*, that he is ready to knock down the first Chartist he meets, in a paroxysm of hunger and anger, at the thought of the loss of the past day's business.

Such is the temper of the two nations; such the shop-soldiery of England and France. We confess that in our own hearts we sympathise much more with our growling fellow-countrymen, than with the more gallant, but not more courageous, dealers in grocery and *pâtisserie* on the other side of the Channel. Our less martial tastes are indicative of certain peculiarities in England and in English people, which we should be unwilling to exchange for the gayer and more showy attributes of our vivacious neighbours. The instinctive dislike of a British shopkeeper to the smell of gunpowder in the streets, and the smile of incredulity with which he hears of the delight that foreigners experience in playing at soldiers, are tokens of a state of things, which we must be pardoned for considering as enviable and satisfactory in a remarkable degree. In the first place, they shew that what other nations are struggling for, we have got; we are actually in possession of those very blessings, for which all the world on the continent is ready to sacrifice peace, leisure, pleasure, property, wife, children, and even life itself. We have personal, practical liberty to do and say what we choose, without let or hindrance, and to make the best of our time and means, according to our fancies, for the bettering or supporting our condition of existence. Abroad, there is no such a thing, to such an extent, any where in Europe. It is downright fudge to talk of the liberty, equality, and fraternity of these recent republics, in comparison with the *bonâ fide* personal security, and freedom to do what we will with our own (including the free use of our tongues), which, with all our abuses, is now our unquestioned privilege. Our English evils are of another kind. They are social evils; they are economical evils; they must be cured by reforms in taxation, by education, by general cultivation, by the extension of religious instruction, by the introduction of some potent but silently-working measures for the greater equalising the fortunes of rich and poor. Personal and political liberty, we have already; liberty almost to defy our own Government to the teeth, and to write, say, and do ten thousand things which would not be tolerated for one single instant in any nominal republic on the face of the earth.

If we want more parliamentary reform—(as we certainly shall have it before long)—yet we only call for it as a means to social and economical progress; as the surest way for compelling the rich and powerful to pay heed to the agonising cry of the poor man, and for putting an end to the fearfully demoralising influences which are ever at work in the depths of the boundless masses of our population. Who cares for the franchise, except for such purposes as this? Who would endure the plague of a general election, if he could get his work well done by hereditary statesmen? Who would trouble his head for one moment about abstract monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, and republicanism, if he could get plenty to eat and drink, and be allowed to serve God and spend his days as he pleased, and not be taxed beyond his means, and on false and unjust fiscal principles? We have personal freedom, and we know it; and therefore the storm of continental revolutions sweeps by us unheeded; and all we do when the novelty of the news is gone off, is to murmur at the interruption to trade that ensues, so long as these rascally continental princes and their hot-headed and vacillating subjects are unable to come to terms, and settle quietly down, like men of sense and common prudence.

But still further; our aversion to any thing that looks like unnecessary fighting, coupled as it unquestionably is with a dogged and unconquerable bravery when fighting must be, is a sure sign that we are more advanced in real civilisation than any one of the more pugnacious nations on the broad continent. If there is any one sign of a semi-barbarous state of popular feeling, it is this silly passion for the externals of the warrior's terrible calling, this childish longing for the cap and feathers, the epaulettes and the lace, and all the rest of the livery of that profession whose duty it is to fight for their country at so much per day. A London haberdasher, who had rather stick to his yard measure than handle a bayonet, and whose whole interest lies in the laws of production rather than in the principles of demolition, is in a state of mind more worthy of a reasonable, cultivated, and enlightened man, and more approaching to a condition of abstract excellence and perfection, than all the self-constituted martyrs who go off into heroics at the sound of the *Marseillaise*, and fancy that *mourir pour la patrie* is the great end for which man was originally created. We are no indiscriminate lovers of the class of English *bourgeoisie*; we see their faults, in some respects, many and serious; we cannot close our eyes to the vulgarity, earthliness, and disregard of the poor man who cannot be a good customer, which, in certain cases, are unhappily too much their characteristics; we would fain see them more lively, more animated, more easily amused, more interested in all matters of art and literature. But yet, taking the shopkeeper as he is, we rejoice to see him preferring the counter to the parade-ground, and brandishing a day-book or a ledger, instead of adjusting the set of a military cap, or studying the mysteries of barricades and street-firing. Happy the nation, we say, that has no National Guard, and needs it not. Long may it be ere we don the soldier's trappings, or exchange the quiet proprieties of our every day existence, for all the bustle, and fluster, and bravado of amateur heroes and mercantile field-marshal.

THE GREAT EPOCH.

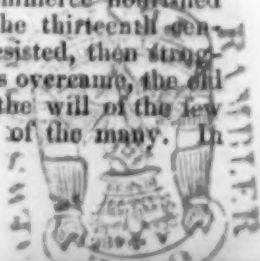
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TURNING, then, to the subjects of physical science,—that one subject, in which, of all others (with the exception of politics and religion), the civilisation of the moderns is most distinguished from that of the ancient,—

the name of the philosophic Franciscan stands out so far in advance of his age, that he seems even to have approached in his studies to some of the most celebrated discoveries of modern skill and modern systems. Whatsoever be the claims of the last two hundred years to a clear and complete comprehension of the laws of the material universe, and however astonishing be the miracles of scientific combinations which the present hour itself is incessantly unfolding to our view, it is certain that Roger Bacon will ever retain one of the very highest places in the history of science; and that as a man of profound thought, most extensive learning, and a singularly happy facility in discovering new truths, he will probably be ever without a superior, as indeed it is certain that he has had but few rivals. That he knew little in comparison with what is known by the most superficial listener at the lectures of a Mechanics' Institute, is undeniable; that he believed many things to be true which more extended examination has shewn to be errors, is also certain; and it is also sure, that he could but faintly foresee the results and developments of those physical facts and combinations to a knowledge of which he had attained. But when his age and his circumstances are taken into account, it is equally certain that so searching and so profound an intellect has rarely appeared to investigate the secrets of the material world.

Whatever, again, have been the perseverance, the indomitable energy, and the success of recent travellers through parts of the world little known before their adventurous feet trod the distant shores, there are few names which deserve to rank with that of Marco Polo, the bold Venetian merchant of the thirteenth century. Never probably was an unknown land visited by a more acute or more honest observer; never were the toils, the privations, the mortifications, and the losses of the traveller among inhospitable races, endured with more courage and constancy than by this opulent trader from the queen of the Adriatic to the rich and marvel-supplying kingdoms of the far East. The lands where he journeyed are even now comparatively but little known; and the observations of every fresh traveller confirm many of those stories which we were accustomed to treat as fables, or, at least, make it sufficiently clear that where Polo is in error, he goes wrong not through any want of honesty or penetration on his own part, but because he could not always sift the information that was afforded him, and because he was not gifted with a knowledge of those historical and geographical facts and those physical laws which it has been reserved for modern skill and study to ascertain. At the least, it is certain that he is entitled to rank with such energetic and successful voyagers and discoverers as Columbus and Vasco di Gama; and that he first gave an enduring impulse to that spirit of enterprise which has at length carried the Anglo-Saxon race to the farthest North and South, and has traced upon our maps the details of almost every country upon which the sun can shine.

In a kindred spirit to that of Polo, the merchants of the various commercial cities of Italy, Flanders, and England at this period rapidly developed the resources which it was in their power to employ, and fostered those habits of thought, and forced into operation those laws of economic science, and those political ideas, the influence of whose power in the remodelling of European society it is perhaps difficult to rate too highly. The riches and energies of the time, in itself so full of strength and buoyancy of feeling, called for an interchange of all the products of the various manufacturing nations in Europe, and for an abundant supply of all the treasures of the Orient. Silks, furs, spices, jewels, armour, these were but a portion of the freights of those rich argosies and caravans which went to and fro between Europe and Asia, and between the ports of the maritime European kingdoms. In Pisa, and Florence, and Genoa; in Frankfort, and Ghent, and Bruges; in Lubeck, Hamburg, and Bremen; in Bristol, Norwich, and London,—the enterprises of commerce nourished and enlightened a race of men in the thirteenth century, who in process of time first resisted, then struggled with, and finally in many places overcame, the old feudal tyrannies, which constituted the will of the few the absolute arbiter of the destinies of the many. In



trade and in the municipal spirit, this wonderful era shared with the arts and with literature the power of directing the fortunes of futurity, and of moulding the minds of a succession of generations, which is yet far from drawing to a close.

And lastly, in those two regions of thought whence flow those principles which far more than any other have dominion over the fate of men,—in religion and politics, the thirteenth century stands pre-eminent above all that immediately preceded or followed it. If there is any one name which, since the days of the primitive Church, has exercised an almost universal sway in the realms of theology, it is that of Aquinas. He has been to the later Church, in conjunction with Augustine, what Augustine alone was in more distant days. There is scarcely a dogmatic statement which the Church has now put forth, in whose formal expression the mind of the great St. Thomas has not largely shared. His writings, his prayers, his very hymns, have been to the modern Christian what the disputations, the treatises, and the dogmatic statements of Athanasius were to the primitive believer. Since Athanasius wrote and struggled, the doctrines which regard the essence of the Divine nature have assumed a clear, definite, and perfect shape in the minds of the faithful, which it was not given to many to possess before the days of that illustrious confessor. And thus in all that more immediately relates to the sacramental dogmas and practices of later times, it is impossible not to see to what a wonderful extent the meditations and words of Aquinas have assisted in giving a distinct shape and a vivid colour to the faith and the devotions of all Christendom.

In the story of political advancement, again, what Englishman does not with an instantaneously moving instinct turn to Runnymede, and to the great charter of his liberties, wrested for him by his fathers during this remarkable age? To the name of Alfred we recur in grateful memory, as to him who laid the foundations and reared a large portion of that structure, which even to this day is the envy of all nations; but by those magic words, the *Magna Charta*, we are reminded that in the thirteenth century the edifice that Alfred raised was again strengthened in its foundations, and the rents in its walls were repaired, and it was begirt with towers and bastions and battlements, as a defence against the enemy, and made so secure against all attacks, that, notwithstanding the assault and the undermining of open foes and false friends during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and almost down to our own times, it still remains more strongly rooted than ever in the soil on which it stands. Whatever have been the destinies of other nations, England at least must look back six hundred years to the day when her present freedom was ensured, and she entered upon that new political life which is still apparently in all the strength of vigorous manhood.

From that day, indeed, until now, the struggle between the old and the new ideas has continued, not only in foreign lands but in our own. In the conflict, many and fearful have been the changes and the desolations. Dynasties have fallen and been created; kingdoms have been severed and been erected; blood has been poured forth like water; and again and again the whole fabric of society has been shaken to its foundations. Problems then first announced, or secretly felt, still remain for solution; doubts, fears, and difficulties, yet harass the conscientious, the hopeful, and the benevolent; and no man can foresee what Europe will be when another fifty years have passed over our heads.

Two fertile sources of distress and anguish were at once called into life by the introduction and propagation of the new ideas, which still powerfully affect us all, and will continue to move us yet a little while longer. The one of these is the question of the alliance of Church and State, and its kindred theories on the subject of religious persecution; the other is the question of the education of the multitude, with severance from, or union with, the doctrines and practices of revealed religion. In ancient times, when each government was monarchical, or there was no difference of creed among the few members of a limited oligarchy, or when (as in the case of the established pagan religions) the question was not one of truth and falsehood, but of national expedi-

ency,—in those days men were unconscious of the perplexities which harass the conscientious mind of our own days. The sovereign, being but an individual, or at most a corporate body agreed in religious faith, had no doubts as to the support he should give to those doctrines which he believed to be true. He had no more scruples in making the Christian and Catholic faith the national faith, and in endowing it and honouring its ministry, than the father of a family now has in instructing his children in the creed which he himself believes. But when the notions of a representative government first gained acceptance among men, whether definitely comprehended and professed, or unconsciously loved and acted upon, the right of the state to give support to one faith alone, or to any faith at all, assumed a wholly different bearing in the minds of mankind. The ideas which had prevailed on the subject of punishment for religious opinions, and which no one thought to be in themselves contrary to the dictates of the Gospel, were now complicated in no ordinary degree, and involved in a hopeless tangle of theoretical and practical difficulties. When men had learnt to consider themselves as forming an integral portion of the government under which they lived, were it only in the lowest possible degree, the endurance of disabilities or sufferings on account of their religious creed was soon felt to be a species of suicidal folly and wickedness.

By degrees, therefore, ideas on the subject of religious persecution took a new form, and, as is often the case in a conflict between new and old principles, the fierceness of all parties waxed hotter and more cruel, as the ancient theory began to lose its real hold upon men's minds. The thirteenth century, indeed, in giving birth to the Council of Lateran, conferred a definite shape and dogmatic existence on the feelings which then prevailed universally among all men, but which, nevertheless, few or none were found to perceive to be incompatible with the political notions which in the same century acquired a practical reality, till then little known in Europe.

From that time until the present the struggle has continued; and even now it survives; at certain seasons breaking forth with a still undestroyed vitality, which, to the superficial observer, had appeared impossible. And much as we hear of the toleration of the present day, we may rest assured that Europe, and perhaps England itself, has many a stormy season yet to endure before the relative claims of religion and the secular power are finally adjusted upon the principles of modern representative government. Even among those who have most deeply pondered on the significance of the facts of the age, there are few who are prepared to give in their definite adhesion either to the system of England, by which the state continues its support to many and contradictory religions, or that of the United States, where it simply owns no connexion with any faith whatsoever.

Such also is the warfare between opposing ideas on the subject of education, to which the movement of the thirteenth century gave birth, and which are daily coming more and more into open conflict. How shall the pious Christian act in respect to promoting the secular education of those who are of different creed from himself? The question *cannot* be blinked; it cannot be decided on the grounds which were sufficient for men's guidance six centuries ago. The political condition of the giant democracy—the means for gaining knowledge—the marvellous facilities for intercommunication and association—the peculiarities of the religious views of conscientious men—the utter impotence of those who would fain govern the world without paying heed to the spirit of those whom they would rule,—all these things have made it incumbent upon every enlightened man to weigh well the wants, the necessities, and the *tendencies* of the time; to separate between what is necessary and what is only desirable, between what Christian duty commands and what Christian perfection recommends, between the wisdom of the serpent and the obstinacy of the mule, between the simplicity of the child and the childishness of the fool.

To our own generation we look for the final solution of these momentous problems. We look for it, not from any one astonishing and almost superhuman intellect—

for these are not the days of great men, but of good intentions—but from the overwhelming force of circumstances, before which the mightiest powers and prejudices of old are now bending as reeds before the blast. If there be any one individual, indeed, to whom it may be given to clear the way for the march of posterity, it will probably be Pius the Ninth, who, if there be one now alive who can claim the title, is the Man of his age. Whatsoever be his personal destiny,—whether, according to the popular fancies, it be glorious or disastrous,—he will, we do not doubt, cut the last cord that has bound us more or less to the ideas of long past ages, so that those things which are but subjects of distress and difficulty to tens of thousands of the wise and good, to our children shall appear as axiomatic eternal truths.

Meanwhile we shall now and then offer in the pages of the *Rambler* a few sketches more in detail of the illustrious men who flourished in the great epoch, when the sun of our present day of progress and cultivation first rose upon the European world.

ROMAN NEWS.

THE ELECTIONS AND THE NEWSPAPERS.

Rome, May 17, 1848.

HERE we are on the eve of our first general election; but Rome is far from presenting that aspect of bustle and excitement which our minds are wont to associate with those magical words in England. Indeed, during the last ten days the external aspect of affairs has been so unusually tranquil, that it is only by studying the leading articles in the various newspapers that one has been able to discover any symptoms of that deep and important movement which, it is certain, has been steadily advancing all the time, and which still advances, I fear, towards some end that can scarcely yet be recognised, or, at least, that one rather shrinks from contemplating, and would fain believe were yet far distant. The popular journalists may inquire, with apparent plausibility, what has been gained by the revolution of the 1st of May? they may complain that there has been only a change of Ministers, not of principles—of men, not measures; and, in one sense, they speak truly; for, as far as the outward eye can reach, doubtless this has been the only change effected; nevertheless, this were to take but a shallow view of things; and, as a matter of fact, none are more conscious than those very writers themselves of the deep importance of the step which was then taken, and none have availed themselves more readily of the thorough freedom from restraint which has accrued from it. Take, for example, the leading article of the *Epoca* the night before last. The eighteenth article of the statute by which a Constitution was granted to the Papal States, reserved the nomination of all the members of the *Alto Consiglio*, or Upper House, to the Sovereign Pontiff. His Holiness has just exercised his prerogative, and nominated some twenty or thirty persons to this high office; three or four Monsignori, several advocates, professors, princes, &c.: but the list includes certain names obnoxious to the people, certain persons of really independent principles, who are not contented to be driven any whither by popular clamour, but would deliberate and decide for themselves; whereupon the *Epoca* does not hesitate to express its surprise and disappointment that such a list should ever have been published at all, its conviction that it had not received Mamiani's sanction, and that it was probable therefore that the list would undergo considerable amendments; but, if it were not so amended, then the Upper House had better look to itself, for assuredly the people would not allow any thing to stand in the way of progress and improvement; they would sweep away this *Alto Consiglio*, as the French had just now done, and leave no vestige of such an institution; for that, in truth, it was but a useless appendage to the machinery of modern governments: henceforward every thing is to be for the people and by the people.

Again, the thirty-sixth article of the same document forbade either the Lower or the Upper House ever to propose a law which should tend to change or modify that fundamental statute of the 14th of March. The very plea, however, upon which the Preparatory Election Committee, as it is called, has put forward

certain persons as preferable to others, and as worthy of the suffrages of their fellow-citizens, is this: that "they will demand a reform of the said statute, and so by peaceful and legal means gain possession of those natural and civil rights, which an absolute and privileged class are always striving to monopolise."

However, let me tell you the little there is to be told in due chronological order. When I wrote to you last, two of the Pope's brothers had just arrived from Sinigaglia, their native town; alarmed, no doubt, by the Allocution of the 29th of April, and its probable consequences, and determined (so at least it was generally reported) to use their influence with His Holiness to make him retract or explain it away. A large body of the Civics went out as far as Ponte Molle, to meet these welcome visitors, and having escorted them to an hotel in the Via della Croce, mounted a guard of honour at the doors. Nor was such a measure altogether uncalled for, since all the busy politicians of Rome were soon hastening to pay their respects, and to communicate their several opinions as to the urgent necessities of the times. In the evening too, when the Counts Joseph and Gabriel Mastai went to have their first audience at the Quirinal, they were escorted in a similar manner; but at the gates of the palace, the escort was not a little discomfited to find that they could not be allowed to enter, for that express orders had been given to the contrary; and the following morning, the two brothers were very prudently invited to take up their quarters within the palace itself.

Probably this rebuff on the part of the Holy Father made the Civics reflect a little upon their recent conduct towards the Cardinals and others, and gave them reason to suspect that the Pope was not very well pleased with them. Any how, some portion of them presented an address, earnestly requesting that he would once more come amongst them, and shew himself to his loving subjects, as he had been wont to do. Upon this particular point, the petition was without effect, for the Pope has confined himself to his palace and gardens, and never once appeared in public, since the day that he delivered the famous Allocution; nevertheless, it led to a gracious invitation from His Holiness, that all the Civic Guard should be admitted to his presence, each battalion in succession, as its turn came round to mount guard upon the Quirinal. Whether this was intended as an attempt once more to rally and confirm their loyalty, or whether the Pope was really grateful to them for their preservation of public order, and zealous guardianship of the lives and property of their fellow-citizens, even whilst they were committing such unconstitutional acts themselves, I cannot say; but at any rate it was refreshing to learn that at least they seemed to be conscious that they had done something deserving their sovereign's displeasure. Among those fugitive sheets of news which continue to inundate the streets of Rome, one published on the 10th inst. described the sixth battalion as having been admitted to the presence of the Pope on the previous evening, and that they had gone with some expectation of receiving a paternal rebuke. "But the kind Pastor (so ran the document in question), invoking upon their head all the blessings of heaven, moved with a lively affection for his children, raised his paternal hand over them and blessed them; forgetting all that had happened, making no allusion to the past, he only spoke words of peace, of love, and of benediction." "All glory then (it concludes) to the Immortal Pontiff, who, by pardoning his children, shews himself in very deed the Vicar of God, an angel sent to console us."

I happened to be going into the country on that day, where I met some of the principal clergy and laity of one of the villages in the Alban hills, whose acquaintance I had made last summer. They were as much surprised as I was at this confession of a fault on the part of the Civics; and they told me also, what I had some reason to believe before, that devotion to the Pope was far more intense in the country towns and villages than here in the metropolis; and that great indignation had been felt at the events of the 1st of May. This tends to confirm what is in every body's mouth here, that more than half the mischief in Rome at the present moment arises from the influence of

Tuscan, Sardinian, and Lombard strangers, and not from the Romans, who, if left to themselves, it is said, would be very patterns of docility and obedience. Moreover, I suppose it is with reference to this state of feeling in the rural districts, that the *Cotemporaneo* of yesterday seriously contemplates the possibility of civil strife and bloodshed. Jealousy of the Civic Guard in Rome, and of their unjust usurpation of political power, seems to be gaining ground without the walls (and among the poorer classes within the walls too), excepting Bologna and other large cities, where the same body very naturally fraternise with their brethren in Rome, as a means of adding strength to their own power.

But it is time that I should say something about the elections. Three or four weeks ago a little pamphlet was published by Raffaele Marchetti (a friend of Professor Orioli, but not the new Minister for Foreign Affairs), intitled a "Constitutional Catechism, for the use of the Papal Subjects." Its object was to instruct the people as to the meaning of a Constitution, the nature and value of the elective franchise, and so forth; and it descended (not without good reason) into an explanation of the very A B C of the matter. The writer complains that the franchise is too limited; but he is certain that "Pio IX. is so good, that he will remedy this defect;" he seems also to lean towards a system of *paid* deputies, and to some other peculiarities not to be found in the Constitution of Pio Nono; however, the really important part of this pamphlet is the advice which it contains as to the selection of candidates. The people are told to be very shy of trusting to their own judgment in this matter, still more to mistrust those who come to them in private, wishing to talk only *a quattr' occhi*, to discourse quietly and confidentially *alla Gensueta*: in a word, they are not to take counsel of themselves nor of their own immediate friends, but rather to attend to certain electoral committees, that are to be formed in all the principal cities, and will propose to the acceptance of the electors a few names, which they may depend upon as fit and proper persons to be their representatives. This were well enough, if all parties alike were to be allowed to have their committees for this purpose, and so to give the people a real liberty of choice; but this does not seem to be intended, and there has been a fierce attack upon the Electoral Committee at Albano, because it contains three or four names of persons whose sympathies are not in unison with those of the people, *i. e.* with that particular section of the people which rules the public press and the political clubs of Rome.

The Electoral Committee of Rome published their report about ten days since, and in it they proposed a list of thirty-two names, which they recommended out of those of the 4000 who are simply eligible. They announced also that similar committees had been formed at Macerata, Palestrina, Fano, and elsewhere, and that they had received requests from many of the different legations, begging them to nominate the candidate whom they ought to elect. For this purpose they proposed to make a further selection from the list of candidates which they had now published, and to name a few only for the acceptance of Rome itself, and to send some of the other names to the committees in the several legations. Accordingly, the following day, the list was reduced to fifteen; and since that, both the *Cotemporaneo* and the *Epoca* have put forward six only, the exact number of deputies which Rome is to send to this new Chamber of Deputies. These are Borghese, Mamiani, Sturbinetti, De-Rossi, Lunati, and Potenzi; and I have little doubt but that they will be elected with scarcely any opposition; for, in truth, very little general interest seems to be excited by these elections, and I am not at all surprised at it. A fortnight ago it seemed exceedingly doubtful whether we might not be under the care of some Provisional Government before the appointed time for the elections should arrive: it is now arrived, and the Pope is still (nominally at least) at the head of his own States; nevertheless there is nothing of that *settled* character in the aspect of affairs which is calculated to give people any real interest in the issue of an election. On the contrary, the Pope is still, as I have said, virtually imprisoned in his own palace; the candidates proposed are

recommended for this special purpose, that they may reform the Constitution, and so give occasion to fresh elections immediately; the leading journals speak of the late change in the ministry as a step taken in advance, a development in the way of progress, and insinuate that other steps still remain to be developed. In a word, we are so manifestly in a transition state that I cannot wonder at people being indifferent to the result of the elections. Just six months ago (Nov. 15) all Rome was keeping holyday at the inauguration of the newly-granted Consiglio di Stato; the senate had modestly requested the loan of twenty-two carriages to make up the number of twenty-four, in which the four-and-twenty deputies were to be conducted in solemn procession from the Quirinal to St. Peter's; the request was duly responded to, and a regular Roman holyday was the result. Now nobody seems to know what is coming next; there is general suspicion and alarm; at the very moment that I write, news is being circulated of another revolution at Naples. That city has been so often the scene of confusion and bloodshed (among the newsmongers of the Roman Corso) within the last month, that at first I gave no credit to the report; it seems likely, however, that there is really some truth in it, and the account given in this evening's *Speranza* bodes ill for the tranquillity of Rome. This paper professes to have received its information from the minister of one of the Italian States, resident in Rome, and it is briefly this; that last Monday had been fixed for the opening of the new Houses of Parliament, that "the people" wished to abolish the Upper House altogether, but that the King refused to yield. *Hinc illa lacryma*. Is this a warning as to what we are to expect upon the inauguration of the new representatives next month? Meanwhile the Pope, as usual, has done what he can: he has not neglected that armory in which alone he puts his trust, the spiritual weapons of prayer: two Triduos have been celebrated by his order within the last ten days; one in all the parish churches of the city and of the state for the election of good deputies, another in the principal Basilicas for the general necessities of the State and of the Church.

Reviews.

Facts and Speculations on the Origin and History of Playing-Cards. By William Andrew Chatto. London, J. R. Smith.

MR. CHATTO reminds us that man has been distinctively termed "a cooking animal," and that Dr. Franklin has defined him as "a tool-making animal." He may also, says our author, be defined to be a *gambling* animal; since to gamble, or venture on chance his own property with the hope of winning the property of another, is as peculiar to him in distinction from other animals, as his broiling a fish after he has caught it with his own hands, or making for himself a stone hatchet to enable him to fell a tree. Whether this gambling propensity is to be ascribed to his physical or intellectual superiority, Mr. Chatto declines to determine. Whatever be the *rationale*, however, of this tendency of our species, our author asserts that being so unquestionably his propensity, it plainly follows, that as playing-cards are the instruments of the most fascinating species of gambling that ever was devised by the ingenuity of man, their origin and history are a very proper subject for rational discussion, because

"The proper study of mankind is man;"

and the cooking, tool-making, gambling animal displays its rationality, according to Dr. Franklin, by its knowing how to find or invent a plausible pretext for whatever it has an inclination to do.

Mr. Chatto then tells us that the subject certainly is one of great "capability," as the renowned landscape-gardening Brown was wont to say; and then proves his assertion in a very satisfactory way indeed; for he has not only produced a solid, goodly octavo volume, "adorned with cuts" of all sorts of card-antiquities and curiosities, but has supplied us with a learned *résumé* of all the facts connected with the history of his subject in past ages; and besides has added a disquisition on the morality of card-playing, in which he puts together

certainly a very curious collection of the opinions of divines of all sorts of creeds and countries, who, if not always of the highest authority in such matters, yet said a great many odd, quaint, and clever things upon the subject.

Mr. Chatto commences his treatise with an investigation of the origin and name of the game itself. His opinion leans on the whole to the idea that cards, both in themselves and in their European designation, are of Oriental origin; and he gives a curious collection of facts and speculations all bearing upon this view of the matter. That they are now well known in Hindostan every body knows, and Mr. Chatto considers it indisputable, that, whether or no the Western world derived the game from the Eastern, the Eastern certainly did not derive it from the Western.

"Wherever cards may have been first invented, and whatever may be the etymology of the words *chartæ* and *naipes*, or *naibi*, it is certain that cards are now well known in Hindostan, where they form the amusement of the natives, both Hindoos and Moslems. That they were invented there, may be a matter of dispute; but that they have been known there from an early period, and were not introduced there from Europe, appears to be undeniable. The Hindoo cards are usually circular; the number of suits is eight, and in some packs ten; and the marks of the suits, though in some instances shewing an agreement with those of European cards, are evidently such as are peculiar to the country, and identified with the customs, manners, and opinions of the people. They coincide with the earliest European cards in having no queen—the two coat cards being a king and his principal minister or attendant—and in the suits being distinguished by the colour as well as by the form of the mark or emblem."

One of the most interesting descriptions in this portion of Mr. Chatto's volume is his account of three packs of Hindostanee cards in the museum of the Royal Asiatic Society, one of them consisting of ten suits, and the other two of eight suits each. All these cards are circular in shape, averaging two inches and a half in diameter. The material appears to be a sort of canvass, but so stiffened with varnish, that each single card feels like a piece of wood. The figures and marks seem to be executed by hand, and not printed or stencilled in the ordinary way. The most remarkable pack of the three, which was presented to the society by the late Sir John Malcolm, consists of ten suits, of twelve cards each, and the marks of the suits are the emblems of the ten Avatars, or incarnations of the Hindoo divinity Vishnu. Vishnu represents the king, seated on a throne, in one or two instances with an accompanying female figure; the vizier (the second honour, as queens are nobodies in the East), as in most of the suits of the other two packs, is mounted on a white horse. In every suit there are two attendants waiting on the principal figure, both in the first and second "honour."

Proceeding then to the old forms of European cards, our author says, comparing the marks devised by Eastern and Western card-inventors:

"In the oldest stencilled, or printed, European cards, which are probably of as early a date as the year 1440, the marks of the suits are bells, hearts, leaves, and acorns; and in the Hindostanee cards we find a leaf or a flower, as the mark of one of the suits; and I am inclined to think that, in the latter, the figures of the oval, and of that which appears something like a pine-apple in a shallow cup, were the types of the bells and the acorns. When those marks are compared, without reference to their being representations of specific objects of which the mind has already a preconceived idea, the general agreement of their forms is, to the eye, more apparent. For the heart, I have not been able to discover any corresponding mark in the Hindostanee cards. Should I be told that the form of the heart might be suggested by that of the leaf, I have to observe, that the form of the leaf in Hindostanee cards is not the same as that which occurs in European, and that, in the latter, the colour of the so-called heart appears always to have been red."

Mr. Chatto's second chapter gives an account of the various grounds on which it has been asserted that cards were in use in Europe some time before the fourteenth century, at which time they certainly began to attract notice. He does not incline to the opinion that they were, to say the utmost, a common game until the time of the well-known story about Charles the Sixth of France. When that monarch lost his reason, through

a *coup de soleil*, in 1392, the use of cards was recommended as a pastime for the imbecile monarch, and the game speedily became fashionable in the court of France, and by degrees throughout Europe. This account of their origin also gave occasion for one of the happiest replies ever made in a court of justice. Mr. Chatto thus quotes the anecdote:

"Sir Walter Scott says that the alleged origin of the invention of cards produced one of the shrewdest replies he had ever heard given in evidence. It was made by the late Dr. Gregory, at Edinburgh, to a counsel of great eminence at the Scottish bar. The doctor's testimony went to prove the insanity of the party whose mental capacity was the point at issue. On a cross-interrogation he admitted that the person in question played admirably at whist. 'And do you seriously say, doctor,' said the learned counsel, 'that a person having a superior capacity for a game so difficult, and which requires, in a pre-eminent degree, memory, judgment, and combination, can be at the same time deranged in his understanding?' 'I am no card-player,' said the doctor, with great address, 'but I have read in history that cards were invented for the amusement of an insane king.' The consequences of this reply were decisive."

The abuse of the game rapidly became so great, that it was one of the commonest subjects attacked by all who were zealous for the reformation of morals. The following account of the effects of the preaching of a Franciscan friar in Nuremberg shews to what an extent gambling of all sorts must have spread in Germany. We should also note the curious fact, that the sermon which had so wonderful an influence was preached in Latin, so that the clergy were not so far behind this educated age after all.

"John Capistran, a disciple of St. Bernardin, and also a Franciscan friar, followed the example of his master in preaching against gaming; and his exhortations appear to have been attended with no less success. In 1452, when on a mission to Germany, he preached for three hours at Nuremberg, in Latin, against luxury and gaming; and his discourse, which was interpreted by one of his followers, produced so great an effect on the audience, that there were brought into the market-place and burnt, 76 jaunting sledges, 3640 backgammon boards, 40,000 dice, and cards innumerable. Under an old portrait of Capistran, engraved on wood by Hans Schauflein, there is an inscription commemorating the effects of his preaching as above related."

In the record of the "progress of card-playing," one of the most curious things is Mr. Chatto's account of the strange fancy and ingenuity of card-makers. There is nothing under the sun that has not figured upon these bits of pasteboard in some guise or other. The pretended "Popish plot" of 1678, for instance, furnished matter for a pack of historical cards:

"The complete pack consists of fifty-two cards; and each contains a subject, neatly engraved, either relating to the plot or the trial and punishment of the conspirators, with a brief explanation at the foot. At the top are the marks of the suit; and the value of the low cards, from one to ten, is expressed in Roman numerals. The suits of hearts, diamonds, and clubs consist chiefly of illustrations of the pretended plot, as detailed in the evidence of Titus Oates and Captain Bedloe; while the suit of clubs relates entirely to the murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey. An idea of the whole pack may be formed from the following description of a few of the cards of each suit. Hearts: King, the king and privy councillors seated at the council-table; Titus Oates standing before them: inscription at the foot, 'Dr. Oates discovereth y^e plot to y^e king and council.' The eight, 'Coleman writing a declaration and letters to la Chess' (Père la Chaise). The ace: the pope with three cardinals and a bishop at a table, and the devil underneath; 'The plot first hatcht at Rome by the pope and cardinals, &c.' Diamonds: Knave, 'Pickering attempts to kill y^e K. in St James Park.' The four, 'Whitebread made Provinciall.' The ace, 'The consult at the white horse Taverne.' Clubs: King, 'Cap^t Bedlow examin'd by y^e secret Comitee of the House of Commons.' The nine, 'Father Connyers preaching against y^e oaths of allegiance & supremacy.' The six, 'Cap^t Berry and Alderman Brooks are offer'd 500£ to cast the plot on the Protestants.' Spades: Queen, 'The Club at y^e Plow Ale house for the murder of S. E. B. Godfree.' The nine, 'S^r E. B. Godfree strangled, Gerald going to stab him.' The five, 'The body of S^r E. B. G. carry'd to Primrose hill on a horse.'"

Here, again, is one of the most comical devices of these precursors of the author of *Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest*:

"It was in December, 1692, that the London papers first announced to the world the invention of the game of Carving at Table. This precious announcement is conceived in the following terms: 'The Genteel Housekeeper's Pastime; or the mode of Carving at the table, represented in a pack of playing cards, with a book by which any ordinary capacity may learn how to cut up, or carve in mode, all the most usual dishes of flesh, fish, fowl, and baked meats, with the several sawces and garnishes proper to each dish of meat. Price 1s. 6d. Sold by J. Moxon, Warwick Lane.' In those cards the suit of hearts is occupied by flesh; diamonds by fowl; clubs by fish; and spades by baked meats. The king of hearts presides over a sirloin of beef; of diamonds over a turkey; of clubs over a pickled herring; and of spades over a venison pasty. A red stamp on the ace of spades belonging to a pack which I have had an opportunity of examining, contains the words 'Sixpence.' If this was the duty on each pack, it was certainly great for the period."

The chapter on the different kinds of playing-cards, which is illustrated by a great many curious engravings, plain and coloured, describes all the sorts of cards, round and square, engraved and painted, which have amused, excited, or ruined, the millions and millions who have played at the game in the East and in the West for some hundred years now past. It finishes appropriately with an account of the present process of the manufacture in this country as carried on in De la Rue's establishment in London, where the greater proportion of English cards are made. It is rather startling to hear that thirty thousand cards are cut into shape in that manufactory every day.

Our author winds up his curious, entertaining, and really learned, book with a discussion of the morality of the game itself. Of course, nobody would take the trouble to write a book on such a subject if his own private opinion were against the lawfulness of the amusement in itself. We must, therefore, expect to see Mr. Chatto taking the lenient side of the question, and upholding it as in itself an innocent and pleasant recreation. At the same time, he by no means confines his statements to an *ex parte* view of the subject, but gives us a fair allowance of authorities and quotations in favour of the adverse theory. Whatever may be the reader's private opinion on the matter, he will allow that nobody could state his views on the point more temperately than Mr. Chatto. We need scarcely say, that, for ourselves, we count the game perfectly innocent and lawful, provided only it be followed in moderation. We shall take leave of our author in quoting two or three of the comical passages he gives from older writers, shewing how quaintly the apparently unpromising subject has been moralised upon in past days, whether in jest or in earnest. Here is an extract from

"The Perpetual Almanack; or Gentleman-soldier's Prayer Book: shewing how one Richard Middleton was taken before the mayor of the city he was in for using cards in church during divine service: being a droll, merry, and humorous account of an odd affair that happened to a private soldier in the 60th regiment of foot.

"The sergeant commanded his party to the church, and when the parson had ended his prayer, he took his text, and all of them that had a Bible, pulled it out to find the text; but this soldier had neither Bible, almanack, nor Common-Prayer Book, but he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a pack of cards, and spread them before him as he sat; and while the parson was preaching, he first kept looking at one card and then at another. The sergeant of the company saw him, and said, 'Richard, put up your cards, for this is no place for them.'—'Never mind that,' said the soldier, 'you have no business with me here.'

"Now the parson had ended his sermon, and all was over: the soldiers repaired to the churchyard and the commanding officer gave the word of command to fall in, which they did. The sergeant of the city came, and took the man prisoner. 'Man, you are my prisoner,' said he. 'Sir,' said the soldier, 'what have I done that I am your prisoner?' 'You have played a game at cards in the church.' 'No,' said the soldier, 'I have not play'd a game, for I only looked at a pack.' 'No matter for that, you are my prisoner.' 'Where must we go?' said the soldier. 'You must go before the mayor,' said the sergeant. So he took him before the mayor; and when they came to the mayor's house, he was at dinner. When he had dined he came down to them, and said, 'Well, sergeant, what do you want with me?' 'I have brought a soldier before you for playing at cards in the church.' 'What! that soldier?' 'Yes.' 'Well, soldier, what have you to say

for yourself?' 'Much, sir, I hope.' 'Well and good; but if you have not, you shall be punished the worst that ever man was.' 'Sir,' said the soldier, 'I have been five weeks upon march, and have but little to subsist upon; and am without either Bible, almanack, or Common-Prayer Book, or any thing but a pack of cards: I hope to satisfy your honour of the purity of my intentions.'"

The soldier then expounds the theological suggestions he derives from the cards; and the tale ends as follows:

"'Well,' said the mayor, 'you have a very good description of all the cards, except one, which is lacking.' 'Which is that?' said the soldier. 'The knave,' said the mayor. 'Oh, I can give your honour a very good description of that, if your honour won't be angry.' 'No, I will not,' said the mayor, 'if you will not term me to be the knave.' 'Well,' said the soldier, 'the greatest that I know is the serjeant of the city, that brought me here.' 'I don't know,' said the mayor, 'that he is the greatest knave, but I am sure that he is the greatest fool.' 'When I count how many spots there are in a pack of cards, I find there are three hundred and sixty-five; there are so many days in a year. When I count how many cards there are in a pack, I find there are fifty-two; there are so many weeks in a year. When I count how many tricks in a pack, I find there are thirteen; there are so many months in a year. You see, sir, that this pack of cards is a Bible, almanack, Common-Prayer Book, and pack of cards to me.'

"Then the mayor called for a loaf of bread, a piece of good cheese, and a pot of good beer, and gave the soldier a piece of money, bidding him to go about his business, saying he was the cleverest man he had ever seen."

The following anecdote of a card-playing parson, who let some cards drop from his sleeve when in church, is taken from *The Women's Advocate, or the Fifteen real Comforts of Matrimony*.

"The parson that loved gaming better than his eyes, made a good use of it when he put up his cards in his gown-sleeve in haste, when the clerk came and told him the last stave was a-singing. 'Tis true, that in the height of his reproofing the parish for their neglect of holy duties, upon the throwing out of his zealous arm, the cards dropt out of his sleeve, and flew about the church. What then? He bid one boy take up a card, and asked him what it was; the boy answers, 'The king of clubs.' Then he bid another boy take up another card. 'What was that?' 'The knave of spades.' 'Well,' quoth he, 'now tell me, who made ye?' The boy could not well tell. 'Quoth he to the next, 'Who redeemed ye?' that was a harder question. 'Look ye,' quoth the parson, 'you think this was an accident, and laugh at it; but I did it on purpose to shew you that, had you taught your children their catechism, as well as to know their cards, they would have been better provided to answer material questions when they come to church.'"

Another old book is entitled, *A New Game at Cards between a Nobleman in London and one of his Servants*, and has this curious example of the allegorising spirit of the times:

"A servant being denounced to his master as a gambler, denies the fact; and on a pack of cards being found in his pocket, he asserts that he is unacquainted with their use as mere cards, and that he uses them as an almanack, and sometimes converts them into a Prayer-book. The four suits answer to the four quarters of the year; there are thirteen cards in each suit, and thirteen weeks in each quarter; the twelve coat cards correspond with the twelve months in a year; and there are just as many weeks in the year as cards in a pack. The king and queen remind him of his allegiance; the ten reminds him of the ten commandments; the nine, of the nine Muses; the eight, of the eight altitudes, and the eight persons who were saved in the ark; the seven, of the seven wonders of the world, and the seven planets that rule the days of the week; the six, of the six petitions contained in the Lord's prayer, and of the six working days in a week; the five, of the five senses; the four, of the four seasons; the three, of the three Graces, and of the three days and nights that Jonah was in the whale's belly; the two, of the two Testaments, old and new, and of the two contrary principles, virtue and vice; and the ace, of the worship of one God. With respect to the knave, which, like the soldier, he had laid aside, and had omitted to notice in its proper place, he says, on being asked its meaning by his master, that it will always remind him of the person who informed against him."

WALPOLE'S LETTERS TO THE COUNTESS OF OSSORY.

[Third Notice.]

WHETHER it be a kind of professional taste that warps our judgment or not, we confess to finding the obser-

vations of the caustic Horace upon his cotemporaries who wielded the pen for the enlightenment of the world, some of the most amusing portions of these agreeable volumes. The courtier's spite against big Johnson clearly knew no bounds, and he lets pass no occasion for giving vent to his bile. It is curious to turn from the pages of Boswell, or any of the Johnson-worshipping or Johnson-fearing coterie, to these letters, emanating as they do, not only from a mind cast in most anti-Johnsonian mould, but from a class of readers and thinkers in whose eyes the mere literary and laborious world found little sympathy and little honour. The graceful twaddle of lords and ladies, the fêtes and private theatricals, the saloons and boudoirs of Strawberry, were not more unlike the "talk" at the club where Burke and Johnson discoursed, and the uproarious merry-makings where Goldsmith sung and chattered, and the mercantile splendours which regaled the literary magnates at Streatham, than the wizened, gouty, limping, silken form of Horace Walpole was unlike the big, brown, burly body of Samuel Johnson. Far be it from us to uphold the great lexicographer as immaculate, wise, sound in all his creed, or healthy in all his moods of mind; yet who will not agree with us in detesting the following coarse caricature of a conscientious man's conscientious religious practices?

"I cannot make the same excuse for the pious editors of Dr. Johnson's prayers: see what it is to have friends too honest! How could men be such idiots as to execute such a trust! One laughs at every page, and then the tears come into one's eyes when one learns what the poor being suffered who even suspected his own madness. One seems to be reading the diary of an old almswoman; and, in fact, his religion was not a step higher in its kind. Johnson had all the bigotry of a monk, and all the folly and ignorance too. He sets himself penances of reading two hundred verses of the Bible per day; proposes to learn high Dutch and Italian at past sixty; and at near seventy begins to think of examining the proofs of that religion which he had believed so implicitly. So amile was his faith, that on a fast-day he reproaches himself with having put a little milk into his coffee inadvertently! Can one check a smile, when, in his old age, one might say his dotage, he tried to read Vossius on baptism? No wonder he could only *try*! but one laughs out, when, about a dozen years before his death, he confesses he had never yet read the Apocrypha, though when a boy he had heard the story of Bel and the Dragon. I wonder he did not add, and of Jack the Giant-killer, for such blind faith might easily have confounded the impressions of his first childhood, which lasted uninterrupted to his second.

"Methinks this specimen and Rousseau's *Confessions* should be lessons against keeping journals, which poor Johnson thought such an excellent nostrum for a good life. How foolish might we all appear if we registered every delirium! Johnson certainly had strong sense at intervals: of how little use was it to himself! but what drivellers are his disciples, who think they honour him by laying open his every weakness."

In justice to Johnson, let us quote our author's own *Euthanasia*, and see what is his notion of a perfect death. What child is there, that does not discern the hideous practical atheism that lurks beneath this calm and stoical exterior of language?

"I can never suspect your ladyship of want of goodness: you would not choose a moment of tenderness for shewing indifference. Indeed, though the six last days of my brother's life were most afflicting to behold, I had cause for nothing but satisfaction from the instant he expired; nor even before, could I have shut out the sight. He had passed a very long life with every enjoyment he chose, with almost equal health: he did not wish to live longer; he leaves nobody he loved in distress; he died without suffering, though his case ought to have been excruciating—it was beyond the power of remedy; and his indifference, unabated firmness, his gaiety at moments within two days of his exit, and his unaffected heroism, are all subjects of consolation,—and the tranquillity of his mind enviable. Yet, I assure you, madam, that death is so much more tiresome a thing than I had imagined, that I had far rather that mine should be extempore than philosophic. I do not like the apparatus at all, and hope I shall know no more of my going out of the world than I did of my coming into it. Life is a farce, and should not end with a mourning scene."

In the next critique there is more depth than is common in Walpole's brilliant but off-hand descriptions. There is doubtless not a little truth in what he here says about the longevity conferred upon Burke's book by its undeniable zeal and sincerity. Yet what

is the book now? Perhaps, however, it is not more *passé* than the ideas which called it forth. Conceive any member of the House of Commons writing a book in such a strain about Louis Philippe!

"One word more about Mr. Burke's book: I know the tirade on the Queen of France is condemned, and yet I must avow I admire it much. It paints her exactly as she appeared to me the first time I saw her when dauphiness. She was going after the late King to chapel, and shot through the room like an aerial being, all brightness and grace, and without seeming to touch earth—*vera incessu patuit dea*! Had I Mr. Burke's powers, I would have described her in his words. I like 'the swords leaping out of their scabbards'; in short, I am not more charmed with his wit and eloquence than with his enthusiasm. Every page shews how sincerely he is in earnest—a wondrous merit in a political pamphlet. All other party writers *act* zeal for the public, but it never seems to flow from the heart. That cordiality, like a phial of spirits, will preserve his book, when some of his doctrines would have evaporated in fume. Lord Stanhope's were the ravings of a lunatic, imagining he could set the world on fire with phosphorus. Lord Lansdowne, I hear, said there was some good sense in that rant. How fortunate that Price and his adherents were intoxicated by their own hopes, and flattered themselves that Europe was in so combustible a temper, that by throwing their farthing squibs from a pulpit, they should set even this country in a blaze; and like the wretches hanged last week for burning houses, should plunder some silver candlesticks from the altars in our churches, to which *the rights of men* entitle them. That proclamation of the 'Rights of Men' is *ipso facto* a dissolution of all society, into which men entered for the defence of the rights of every individual. The consequence of universal equality would be, that the industrious only would labour, the idle not. Who, then, would be to maintain the inactive? Must the produce of the labours of the laborious be shared with the indolent? Oh, but there should be some government—then the governed would not be equalled with the governors; but it is idle to confute nonsense! All the blessed liberty the French seemed to have gained is, that every man or woman, if *poissardes* are women, may hang whom they please. Dr. Price adopting such freedom, opened the nation's eyes—*Honi soit qui mal y pense*!"

While we are on the Johnsonian clan, we must include an anecdote of Sir Joshua.

"As the world is now so overstocked with anecdotes, I don't know whether it will not be advisable for future English biographers to aim at my conciseness, and confine themselves to quatrains. Dr. Johnson's history, though he is going to have as many lives as a cat, might be reduced to four lines; but I shall wait, to extract the quintessence, till Sir John Hawkins, Madame Piozzi, and Mr. Boswell, have produced their quartos. Apropos, madam, t'other night I was sitting with Mrs. Vesey; there was very little light; arrived Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a person whom I took for Mr. Boswell. I sewed up my mouth, and, though he addressed me two or three times, I answered nothing but yes or no. Just as he was going away, I found out that it was Mr. Richard Burke, and endeavoured to repair my causticity. I am not quite in charity with Sir Joshua; he desired to come and see my marvellous Henry VII.; when he saw it, he said, 'It is in the old hard Flemish manner.' For hard, it is so bold, that it is one of the great reasons for doubting its antiquity; and for Flemish, there is nothing Flemish in it, except a *chiaroscuro* as masterly as Rubens's; but it is not surprising that Sir Joshua should dislike colouring that has lasted so long!"

Here also is Walpole's criticism upon "Cecilia." We must say, at the same time, that its fair authoress, in another letter, comes in personally for a far larger share of praise and approbation than our author vouchsafes to any other creature who dwelt without the magic circle in which he himself fluttered, part wasp, part butterfly, part bee.

"*Cecilia* I did read, but, besides its being immeasurably long, and written in Dr. Johnson's unnatural phrase, I liked it far less than *Evelina*. I did delight in Mr. Briggs, and in the droll names he calls the proud gentleman, whose name I forget. Morris, too, is well, and Meadows tolerable, and Lady Something Something, and Miss Something; but all the rest are *outrés*. The great fault is, that the authoress is so afraid of not making all her *dramatis personae* set in character, that she never lets them say a syllable but what is to mark their character, which is very unnatural, at least in the present state of things, in which people are always aiming to disguise their ruling passions, and rather affect opposite qualities than hang out their propensities. The old religious philosopher is a lunatic, and, contributing nothing to the story, might be totally omitted, and had better be so. But I am most offended at the want of poetical justice. The proud gentleman and his

proud wife ought to be punished and humbled; whereas the wife is rather exhibited as an amiable character. To say the truth, the last volume is very indifferent."

We have not in these letters many sketches of foreign literary potentates, such as they were in those days, when French celebrities were going out, and German greatness was but commencing. Of the few we find, the narrative of his conversation with Madame de Genlis is one of the most agreeable.

"You surprise me, madam, by saying the newspapers mention my disappointment of seeing Madame de Genlis. How can such arrant trifles spread? It is very true, that as the hill would not go to see Madame de Genlis, she has come to see the hill. Ten days ago Mrs. Cosway sent me a note that madame desired a ticket for Strawberry Hill. I thought I could not do less than offer her a breakfast, and named yesterday se'nnight. Then came a message that she must go to Oxford and take her doctor's degree; and then another, that I should see her yesterday, when she did arrive with Miss Wilkes and Pamela, whom she did not even present to me, and whom she has educated to be very like herself in the face. I told her I could not attribute the honour of her visit but to my late dear friend Madame du Deffand. It rained the whole time, and was as dark as midnight, so that she could scarce distinguish a picture; but you will want an account of her, and not of what she saw or could not see. Her person is agreeable, and she seems to have been pretty. Her conversation is natural and reasonable, not *précieuse* and affected, and searching to be eloquent, as I had expected. I asked her if she had been pleased with Oxford, meaning the buildings, not the wretched oafs that inhabit it. She said she had had little time; that she had wished to learn their plan of education, which, as she said sensibly, she supposed was adapted to our constitution. I could have told her that it is directly repugnant to our constitution, and that nothing is taught there but drunkenness and prerogative, or, in their language, church and king. I asked if it is true that the new edition of Voltaire's works is prohibited: she replied, severely,—and then condemned those who write against religion and government, which was a little unlucky before her friend Miss Wilkes. She stayed two hours, and returns to France to-day to her duty."

Voltaire himself, and the kindred spirit, Gibbon, are criticised a little at length, further on in the correspondence. So far as a mere literary criticism, the observations are good enough.

"To divert my thoughts a little in the many melancholy, lonely hours that I have passed in these three months, and to turn them to the only reading I could relish in the present position of Europe, modern history, I have been reading again, as I have often done, Voltaire's *Universal History*. I suppose, from the various circumstances that have struck me with regard to the actual state of France, I admire it more than ever, though I always thought it his *chef d'œuvre*. It is a marvellous mass both of genius and sagacity, and the quintessence of political wisdom as well as of history. Any one chapter on a single reign, as those of Philip II., Henry IV., Richelieu, Elizabeth, Cromwell, is a complete picture of their characters and of their times. Whatever may be said of his incorrectness in some facts, his observations and inferences are always just and profound. I wish you would read it again, madam; there are twenty passages that look as if written within these six months. More than once he allows the cruel nature of his countrymen in turbulent times. The story of the whole modern world is comprised in less space than that of the three centuries of diminutive Greece in the tedious travels of Anacharsis, who makes you remember rather than reflect. On the other hand, I am sorry I cannot agree with your ladyship; Mr. Gibbon never tires me. He comprises a vast body and period of history too; however, I do wish he had been as lucid as Voltaire, or to speak more justly, that he had arranged his matter better; for by vast leaps backwards and forwards, or by not drawing nearer together contemporary times, you have forgotten the personages to whom he returns."

We have room but for one more portrait, but for a Walpolian sketch, it is a finished performance.

"Our mutual silence, madam, has had pretty nearly the same cause, want of matter; for though my nominal wife, Lady Browne, has not left me like your lord, I have led almost as uneventful a life as your ladyship in your lonely woods, except that I have been for two days in town, and seen Mrs. Siddons. She pleased me beyond my expectation, but not up to the admiration of the *fon*, two or three of whom were in the same box with me; particularly Mr. Boothby, who, as if to disclaim the stoic apathy of Mr. Meadows in *Cecilia*, was all bravissimo. Mr. Crauford, too, asked me if I did not think her the best actress I ever saw? I said, 'By no means; we

old folks were apt to be prejudiced in favour of our first impressions.' She is a good figure, handsome enough, though neither nose nor chin according to the Greek standard, beyond which both advance a good deal. Her hair is either red, or she has no objection to its being thought so, and had used red powder. Her voice is clear and good; but I thought she did not vary its modulations enough, nor ever approach enough to the familiar—but this may come when more habituated to the awe of the audience of the capital. Her action is proper, but with little variety; when without motion, her arms are not genteel. Thus you see, madam, all my objections are very trifling; but what I really wanted, but did not find, was originality, which announces genius, and without both which I am never intrinsically pleased. All Mrs. Siddons did, good sense or good instruction might give. I dare to say, that were I one-and-twenty, I should have thought her marvellous; but, alas! I remember Mrs. Porter and the Dumesnil—and remember every accent of the former in the very same part. Yet this is not entirely prejudice; don't I equally recollect the whole progress of Lord Chatham and Charles Townshend, and does it hinder my thinking Mr. Fox a prodigy?"

EASTERN LIFE, PAST AND PRESENT.

[Second notice.]

OUR former notice of these volumes will have made it sufficiently evident to our readers, that Miss Martineau, although she continues to class herself with Christians, is in fact the enemy of Christianity and of all existing religions. The effrontery with which she identifies herself with believers, and talks on as if in the centre of an admiring and sympathising audience of co-religionists, is equalled only by the coolness with which she claims every learned person as siding with her in her unbelief. This strange inconsistency or obliquity of mind cannot be accounted for, in any way reconcilable with conscious honesty of intention, except on the supposition of excessive ignorance or excessive self-conceit. Either she is ignorant of the immense mass of learning and genius, not to speak of the heroic deeds of charity and self-devotion, by which the literal truth of the Scriptures, and the supernatural history, as well of the Jewish as of the Christian Church, have been established and illustrated, and unsuspecting of the very existence of that wondrous structure of theology and sacred philosophy which has ever commanded the admiration, if not the homage, of the highest intellects the world has seen; or, knowing all this, she magnifies the conclusions of her own reason above, not only the accumulated wisdom of the Church of God, but the collective sense of mankind, past and present, and sets herself up to be the teacher and prophet of the nations. Until we had glanced through the second and third volumes, we had no conception, weak and pretentious as we perceived the book to be, of the intense folly hidden under an imposing array of words, and of the stupid pride and bigotry disguised with a specious affectation of candour and humility which the work exhibits.

We are sorry to be forced to use strong, and it may perhaps be thought harsh language. We would gladly have avoided it, especially when noticing the production of a woman's pen, of which we should desire always to write gently and kindly; but we are persuaded that a higher duty than personal consideration for an author's feelings demands from us a most earnest reprobation of the Godless pages which it has been our painful task to peruse. Much of the popular religion of the day has hitherto been unreasoning in this country. And it is well it should have been so; for men have often thus, by a fortunate inconsistency, held the logical premises of unbelief and yet not been unbelievers; they have not followed out the principles of error to their consequences. The majority of people in this country morally shrink from the conclusion to which their opinions lead, and intellectually are indisposed to that species of mental exertion which such a process of analysis involves. It has not been so with German Protestants: they have fearlessly let down the plummet of reason into the deep abyss of minds no longer illuminated by the light of faith; they have followed up error to its intellectual results, till it has emptied the soul of faith and the world of God. Miss Martineau seems to seek the melancholy glory of encouraging her countrymen and countrywomen to the same fatal pursuit, and rous-

ing them into active and consistent infidelity. In spite, then, of the thorough contempt we entertain for this particular work, we are not without our fears of the effects which a continual reading of such publications may have on the general mind of this country; and it is for this reason that we prosecute our exposure of the irreligious statements and atheistical tendencies of the volumes before us.

At pages 54, &c. of vol. ii. we have the gratuitous assumption—an assumption, by the by, quite irreconcilable with a subsequent assertion at page 86—that the ancient Egyptians did not recognise any “absolute creation,” but stopped short at the contemplation of the mystery of life as an ultimate and inexplicable fact. This, however, is not so much a matter of surprise, when we find the author considering the state of Christians, as regards the highest knowledge the human mind is capable of receiving, pretty much on a level with the supposed condition of “the most enlightened of the old heathens.” Here are her own words:

“All that we really know is, that we know nothing of absolute creation; that we have no evidence of it, and can form no conception of it; that life itself is an inexplicable fact to us; that we recognise it only through organisation; and that *we have no right, and no power, to conceive it apart from organisation.*”

It appears to us that nothing can exceed the absurdity, unless it be the blasphemy of the latter assertion. If it be as this writer declares, then it follows, as a matter of strict logical deduction, that we can form no conception of the life of angel, or spirit, or of the One self-existing God himself; that as man cannot, therefore, conceive the idea of God, neither can he know Him, nor believe in Him; in short, we are landed in downright atheism.

But let us hear a little more: “All our laborious attempts so to conceive of it terminating in imaginations of an organisation more subtle and refined than Nature has presented to our view.” And what can be expected of one who, like the writer of these observations, is determined to make “laborious attempts” to bring down the truths, of which the higher faculties of reason and faith can alone be cognisant, within the range of the natural understanding, and make it the measure and the judge of them, but that the mind should become a prey to the dreary infidelity which chills us almost at every page of this miserable book?

Miss Martineau, as we remarked before, makes a practice of completely ignoring the fact that any one possessing common sense and a moderate portion of information in the present day holds any view concerning the facts related in Scripture different from her own. She never confronts them, she never denies them, she never taxes them with imposture; but she receives literally whatever harmonises with her own ideas, and allegorises, as a matter of course, and as if no reasonable person ever thought of attaching any other meaning to them, the miraculous and supernatural portions of the narrative. But can any thing be more impudent, more dishonest, than such a proceeding, where the sacred historian relates the one order of facts precisely in the same manner as he does the latter? On what ground, for example, has Miss Martineau a right to assert, on the authority of the historian, that Moses kept the flocks of Jethro, that when he re-entered Egypt he did not enter alone, for his elder brother met him, and other incidents of the same kind, related in the Book of Exodus, and then pass over *sub silentio* the plagues of Egypt and the miraculous passage of the Red Sea? Has not the same pen which wrote how Moses fed the sheep of Jethro his father-in-law, also written in the very next verse, “And the Lord appeared to him in a flame of fire,” &c.? Does the writer of the Book of Exodus pause after asserting that he assembled the ancients of the children of Israel together? Does he not immediately add, “And he wrought the signs before the people, and the people believed?” Miss Martineau apparently does not know what to make of the plagues; so that beyond a hint at something allegorical on the subject, made to pass through the herd of Moses in the shape of a poetical figure, while “sitting under a shrubby palm in a moist nook,” kindly selected for him by his fair interpreter,

there is no allusion to them whatever. All this is a familiar device of modern infidels, who, unable to dispute the authenticity of the Scriptures, or to deny altogether the mighty work which Revelation has accomplished in the world, affect to bow to it, acknowledge it, admit its claims, but reserve to themselves the liberty of explaining the sacred text, *i.e.* explaining it away. But we are not sure whether the present writer may not have surpassed them all, in not confining herself to allegorising the terms of the actually existing record, but, in the face of its express declarations, substituting, or rather opposing, inventions of her own. Can any one of common candour (setting faith aside) read without indignant amazement the account of Moses’ reflections, under this same “shrubby palm,” with which she has favoured us in grave and even forcible language? “Here,” after a historical retrospect which he is not merely supposed, but *asserted* to have made—a retrospect which of course implies the correctness of Miss Martineau’s chronology, and which, it seems, was most encouraging to the accomplishment of his hopes—“here,” she declares, “Moses learned to see—not at once as in vision, but in the dawning of many days, and from the suggestions of many thoughtful years,—how the redemption of the Hebrew race should be effected; how far the precedents of former times should be followed, and where they should be departed from; what there was new and peculiar in the circumstances of his people, and how these circumstances should be dealt with.”

And then she proceeds to unfold the great discovery which, in her judgment, “made Moses the greatest of men, and the eternal benefactor of the world,” viz. “that all ideas are the common heritage of men”—a truth to which she has imparted such a nineteenth-century dress as prevents us, we imagine, from recognising it among the announcements of the Hebrew lawgiver. We are surprised, however, at the somewhat narrow theology ascribed to so large a mind as that of the asserter of the “spiritual rights of man;” for we are assured that Moses “did not rise to a higher view of God than his being a national god, and the greatest of gods;” but, as a compensation for this, we are instructed to admire the wonderful sagacity—or, as we should rather say, the consummate hypocrisy, unless the supernatural side of the events be admitted—with which he conceived the “bold purpose” of bringing—or rather, as Miss Martineau should have said, pretending to bring—“his brethren face to face with Jehovah as people and King.” And so, having been initiated in the “purposes” which grew out of the “aspirations” of Moses, as he sat and meditated in the “moist nook,” we are led on to survey “the details of the enterprise,” which “grew from perception into purpose too.” It is useless to produce the string of impudent assertions which follow, or to specify the contradictions to the sacred narrative which are quietly intermingled with the true account; suffice it to say, that Miss Martineau gives us a new version of the Exodus, and of all that Moses thought, and said, and did, and meant to do, but failed, out of her own head, without ever so much as a hint that it is but the offspring of her own imagination after all, and that she is no wiser than other people.

There is only one explanation of these strange hallucinations which charity or ingenuity can devise, and that is, that they were conceived under the mysterious influences of those same Desert inspirations by which she supposes the “clear understanding” of Moses himself to have been affected—partaking, we fancy, of a mesmeric character. We give the words of this modern Pythoness, leaving our readers to interpret them; for we confess we have been unable to extract any meaning from them which is not something worse than nonsense.

“There is no place like the Desert for fruitful meditation. There, among the immutable forms of nature, lives the Past, for those who know how to look for it. It will not rise to view among the changing scenes of social life, nor speak where the voices of men are heard. But in the austere silence of the Desert it presses its tale upon the tranquillised soul, and will, to one who knows, as Moses did then, and Mohammed after him, how to invoke, prophesy of the Future;—of its unborn

child which is to redeem the human race from its sins and its burden of woes."

But in all seriousness, would Miss Martineau have dared to trifle with common sense and common honesty in this way, had she been dealing with the work of a profane historian? would she have dared, not only to fill up supposed gaps in the narrative, supply interpretations, and expunge positive statements, but actually to give a counter-history of her own? Would such a notion have ever entered any reasonable person's thoughts? would it be tolerated for an instant? What is it, then, that makes the difference in this case? Simply this: that granting the literal truth of the Mosaic writings, belief in a divine revelation and all that is involved therein must follow, and Miss Martineau will not believe.

We do not, of course, feel ourselves called upon to enter, within the compass of a review, upon a refutation of the infidel views with which these volumes abound: all that we can do is to point out the flagrant dishonesty and presumption of the writer, and to expose the true character of the work. At the risk of wearying our readers, we must offer them one more specimen of Miss Martineau's "New Pentateuch."

"It appears as if there had been an intention and a hope of training the Hebrews to a state of knowledge and obedience by moral instruction and a plan of pure and simple worship; the obedience of Abraham, and the simplicity of his worship in the door of his tent, being perhaps the example and the aspiration which Moses had before him when he brought forth the Hebrews from Egypt. Warburton and others are of opinion that the ritual scheme was adopted after the affair of the golden calf, which shewed the people to be more incapable of a pure religion and direct communion than could have been supposed. A comparison of the two sets of Commandments seems to countenance this view. The first set, though falling below the inculcation of personal righteousness, are yet of a much higher character than the second. They aim at a good degree of social order, for the age in which they were given, and contain nothing ritual except the precept about the Sabbath. This is the set brought down by Moses when he found the people feasting about the golden calf, and which he broke and threw from him. The second Ten, which remained permanent, are such as may well be believed to have accompanied the ritual system now supposed to have been instituted. They are all ritual except the first two; these two merely forbidding all covenanting with heathens, and making of molten gods. The whole set contains no directions for personal or social conduct. The fact certainly conveys the impression that a more advanced system of moral government was withdrawn for the time, and replaced by one less advanced, in proportion to the disappointment caused by the lapse of the degraded people."

This is simply—a lie, and nothing else; we really do not know what other word to apply to so gross a mis-statement of facts. Well may Miss Martineau assert that she "saw more by turning her back on the convent (of St. Catherine), and forgetting the wretched superstitions of the monks, and looking abroad" over Mount Sinai, "than by many years' reading of the Pentateuch at home!" "How differently," she continues, "the Pentateuch here reads, from the same worn old Bible which one has handled for five-and-twenty years, I could not have imagined." No, nor any one else; for the Bible may be handled long enough before any reading like this can be discovered. We were disposed at first to think it some excuse for the glaring falsehood here advanced, that Miss Martineau's knowledge of the Bible had been limited literally to handling; for we could hardly imagine that, had she really read it, she would have committed herself to such a statement. However, we have an actual reference, so there is nothing left us but to wonder at the writer's audacity. Any one may see, by consulting the passages in question, that the injunctions contained in Exodus xxxiv. 12-27 are not the second set of Commandments, framed after the breaking of the first tables of stone, but supplementary directions. If before committing to paper, and, what is worse, to print, her unwarrantable assertion, the writer would have glanced her eye over the beginning of the chapter, she would have read in the very first verse an express contradiction to her speculation: "Hew thee two tables of stone like unto the former, and I will write upon them the

words which were in the tables which thou brokest." This alone would set the matter at rest, were there even a shadow of foundation for the assertion—as there is the most complete evidence to the contrary, as all must know—that the Decalogue of the Israelites, as contained in the second tables, was not the same as that written on the first two. Is it possible, moreover, that Miss Martineau can have ever looked at chapters xxv.-xxx., containing elaborate directions for the ceremonial worship, and assert, nevertheless, that the "ritual system" was no part of the original intention of the lawgiver? If she be of opinion that the "ritual scheme" was an after-thought, consequent on "the affair of the golden calf," all we can say is, that it is an opinion in direct contravention of the sacred text, and resting solely on the assumption of somebody or other, who happens to have a preconceived notion of what Moses should have devised, or God should have dictated to him, and who rejects the idea of a positive and circumstantial revelation.

We are tired of exposing, even in the few specimens we have selected, the impudent assertions by which the writer attempts to give consistency and support to her views of the Mosaic dispensation; and we shall, therefore, not follow her to the scenes hallowed by the footsteps of our divine Redeemer. We will not shock our readers with more than an allusion to the fearful impiety and profaneness to which a sight of the holiest places in that most holy land causes her to give utterance. We will not pollute our columns with the revolting details. When we say that Miss Martineau characterises the adorable mystery of the Incarnation as a "blasphemous indecency," which the Egyptians of the "early age" would have rejected with indignation, we have said enough to shew that she has fallen to the lowest abyss of infidelity. Fain would we try to hope that she knows not what she says; fain would we try to think that she has never had the religion of Christ presented to her, except in some false, inconsistent, and irrational form, and that her unbelief is the result rather of insufficient knowledge than of wilful ignorance; but every page of the work evinces such a determined spirit of pride and self-sufficiency, that we have found it impossible, with the most charitable disposition to the contrary, to shake off the painful impression that the fault is in the will, and that the author of *Eastern Life* might know better if she would. What she needs is the humility, we will not say of a Christian, but of one who acknowledges an Almighty Creator and Moral Governor of the world, whose law is in the conscience, and who claims from man, the work of His hands, the homage of his heart and intellect. Could she but once unlearn her self-dependence—could she but bow herself down, in all the helplessness of her poor, sinful human nature, not as in the presence of a self-erected image, the type of some abstract idea, fostering her intellectual pride, but at the feet of a Living and a Personal God, the Father of spirits, the Searcher of hearts, the Holy and Eternal Judge—with what contempt and loathing would she turn from the miserable speculations with which she now deludes herself, but which, be herself the witness, do not and cannot satisfy the powers and aspirations of her soul. What she needs is self-knowledge, and a belief in the divine and the supernatural. With all her boastful exaltation of the dignity of man, she entertains the meanest, most degrading notions of his position in creation and his everlasting destiny. This is the necessary consequence of the opinions she professes, which are as insulting to the reason as they are defiling to the mind and conscience. Let her but confess her own littleness before the Lord of heaven and earth, and she will be prepared to learn the true greatness of human nature in its union with the Divine, and to recognise in Him, whom now she thinks she worships, not only a Being who is Supreme, All-wise, Beneficent, but a Redeemer and a Sanctifier—one who became man for us that He might take us into God.

With all her hardness of mind and inordinate confidence in herself, Miss Martineau has not quite destroyed the sweetness and gentleness of her woman's nature; she sometimes even surprises us with the expression of some tender thought or touching sentiment, which

shews that the soil of the heart is not all barren, and suggests a hope that haply yet the spark of religious life is not extinct, and that, in the unknown, unfathomable depths of the soul, a struggle between faith and unbelief is still being carried on, of which even she herself is not explicitly or fully conscious. But however this may be, no religious person, we are persuaded, can rise from the perusal of these volumes without a feeling of deep compassion for the author, not unmixed with the most painful apprehensions of the issue.

Short Notices.

The Polity of Reason; or, the Rationale of Government. By M. de Lamartine. London, H. G. Clarke.

M. DE LAMARTINE is unquestionably given to bombast. This little brochure was originally a letter from its author to the editor of the *Révue Européenne* just before he started on the journey to the East which produced the book that first gave him his celebrity in Europe. The work is interesting, as shewing the progress of political ideas in a man who during the last few months has been called to play so conspicuous a part in the crash of empires and the manufacture of governments. Here is a specimen of the mixture of cleverness, unreality, and exaggeration which characterises almost every thing that comes forth from Lamartine's lips or pen:

"*The Press.*—Necessarily free, for it is the voice of all, in an age and in a social form wherein all have the right of being heard; it is the very speech of modern society; its silence would be the death of liberty! Any tyranny that meditates the murder of an idea, commences by gagging the press. All our political parties have triumphed by it, and have fallen by it after having turned against it. All accuse it, and all have cause to complain of it; for none of these parties have taken the only means to brave and to conquer it,—that of being always in the right. The press, after a thousand vicissitudes, after passing like a weapon, sometimes murderous, sometimes defensive, from the conqueror to the conquered, from the oppressor to the oppressed, will finish by rendering all deception impossible, all tyranny—of one alone, or of the multitude—impracticable in the world; and will found what we already catch a glimpse of in the far distance, the rational era, or the government of public reason! Let victors accuse and proscribe it; let victims bless and cherish it: it is both their parts to do so; for it is divine justice manifested by human speech! Unceasingly, with its invisible finger, it inscribes on the walls of all Belshazzars, those three words which make all iniquities, all tyrannies turn pale, in the midst of their glory and their satellites."

We cannot make out what are the translator's own opinions. What does he mean by such sentences as the following? "Christianity affords an instant remedy to the evils of man's condition; but the practice of Christianity has never been reduced to a system."

Justina: a Play. Translated from the Spanish of Calderon de la Barca by J. H. London, Burns.

THE name of Calderon is to the vast majority of English readers a name, and nothing more. Every one knows it, and is aware that he was among the brightest lights of Spanish literature. At the age of fifty he entered holy orders, and after that period wrote many religious plays, his genius having been devoted to the secular drama alone until then. *Justina* is the first that has been translated into English. The author has laboured carefully to give a faithful version, and apologises for the defects in his versification on a much better ground than is generally taken by apologists, his object being to stir up some little taste for the charms of Calderon's writings in the English mind.

The Jewish Missionary. Nos. I. and II. London, Nisbett.

OF all the "curiosities of theology," one of the most curious would be an attempt at harmonising the theories of the modern expounders of the Apocalypse. It is the first resource for the amateurs in prophetic exposition, each of whom seems to think that Almighty Wisdom has vouchsafed prophecies to mankind solely that they might receive their interpretation from his penetrating vision. The author of these pamphlets starts on a new track. He says, that the Apocalypse is a prophecy of the restoration of the Jews; that the *phylactery* is "the mark of the beast;" that "Babylon" means *Constantinople*; and that the throne of the Dragon is to be set up at *Pergamos*. If we can say nothing more, we must do him the justice to add that he writes calmly, and with no assumption of his own infallibility.

The Fine Arts.

Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts. By Charles Lock Eastlake, R.A., &c. London, Murray.

As in estimating the merits and abilities of the great painters of the fourteenth and fifteenth century, it behoves us constantly to bear in mind the twofold nature of the influence exercised, on the one hand, by their practice, over contemporary schools of art, and on the other, by their genius and earnest searching after first principles, over the great science of art, in its abstract and immutable perfection; so in attempting to criticise the writings of any man of great and generally acknowledged ability, whose works have not only produced considerable changes in public opinion during their author's lifetime, but seem probably calculated to be still better appreciated after the spirit that called them into existence may have passed away, we should discriminate clearly between the mental activity indicated by his powers of reforming error and arousing his contemporaries, and his more reflective capacity as a student of the mysteries which hang over and veil our perception both of the nature of that harmonious unity which we feel must pervade all sciences, and of the true and exact conditions of perfection required by any one of them.

We shall, therefore, endeavour to bear this principle in mind during our brief examination of this most interesting, valuable, and delightful work of Mr. Eastlake's, and confine ourselves this week to an inquiry how far in the right direction, and with what ability, we conceive that our veteran author has urged on his cohort of admirers.

In the fourth chapter, on "the state and prospects of the English School, considered with reference to the promotion of art in connexion with the rebuilding of the houses of Parliament," we meet with a just and most rational statement of the reasons why the tree of painting, though originally indigenous, yet forages kept alive only by forcing in a Royal hot-bed, has taken root in our soil, and borne the peculiar blossoms, flowers, and fruit on which the *patrons of art* love to regale and recreate themselves in the present day. Of the total amount of the crop we cannot complain, since its nature has been most bountiful; but of the general unwillingness to improve the nature of the plant, of the smallness of the fruit, and its usual want of refined flavour, we fear there may exist great and well-founded cause for regret.

In speaking of the short-coming of his professional brethren, Mr. Eastlake manifests a cautious and judicious sense of restraint; but yet, though not in direct terms acknowledging the fact we speak of, he attributes the littlenesses and poverty of conception so generally displayed in our exhibitions, partly to the influence exercised over the mind of the painter by the necessarily small dimensions of his subject, which our habit of employing works of art only for the decoration of comparatively small rooms limits to a cabinet size,—and partly to the want of purpose felt by the artist, who has not the slightest idea, when designing his picture, whether, through its future allocation, his work may be wedded to the gravest or the most light-hearted associations. When painting becomes monumental, both these causes are removed; when the public begin to look for instruction at the painter's hands, and to turn to the walls of every church, palace, court of law, or hall of science, for information and intellectual elevation, then the artist's imagination will expand *pari passu* with the dimensions of his figures; and in composing his cycle of subjects, he will be enabled to link together all harmonious sensations, and render them subservient to the enforcement of some great and spiritual truth. When we read Mr. Eastlake's own notes upon the Sistine Chapel, it stirs our heart to think of the thoughts its glorious teachings should convey to every religious or philosophic soul; when Cornelius described to us his conception of the mutual relation of his series of frescoes, illustrating the Christian triumph over Death, to be painted in the great Cemetery at Berlin, it told us that art might indeed have a purpose and mission far beyond the illustration of domestic scenes, even though

handled by the magic pencil of a Wilkie, a Landseer, or a Mulready.

The picture Mr. Eastlake draws of the difficulties and disappointment that may very probably attend our first endeavours to raise our School of Art in its moral and religious aim, is somewhat disheartening, but still most just. When a child first tries to stand erect, it is pretty sure to tumble now and then; but, as the old song says, "we a' maun creep afore we gang;" and unless English art does really soon learn to put out her strength, we much fear that at some future day she may find her limbs paralysed from inaction.

As the productions of almost all our native artists are now devoted to embellish rooms occupied only for domestic purposes, our author assumes that subjects having reference only to every-day sympathies are naturally adapted to their decoration; and the consistency of such an appropriation being undeniable, he has nothing left but to hope that the general adornment of buildings devoted to more universal and public occupation, may force the artist naturally and gently into a more ideal and elevated train of thought and feeling; and that his works acting upon the people, and their superior appreciation reacting upon himself, his future productions may eventually rise in the scale of noble and intellectual effort. On this point Mr. Eastlake remarks most truthfully that

"Public works, whether connected with religion or patriotism, are the most calculated to advance the character of the art, for as they are addressed to the mass of mankind, or at least to the mass of a nation, they must be dignified. Existing works of the kind may be more or less interesting, but there are scarcely any that are trivial. This moral dignity is soon associated in the mind of the artist with a corresponding grandeur of appearance, and his attention is thus involuntarily directed to the higher principles of his art."

Not content with urging us to increased exertion, on the plea that we owe it to ourselves as living in an advanced state of mental culture, when art in its perfection should be blended with and allied to all our most earnest thoughts of beauty and excellence, Mr. Eastlake attacks also our proverbial sense of national self-respect. In his chapter "On the origin of the modern German School of Fresco-painting," he teaches us how much their patriotic endeavour to revive the past glory of their ancient masters has been crowned with success; he adjures us to recall the fact that we once possessed a mediæval school, which, but for the curse of wars and perils manifold, might have risen to emulate that of our German kinsmen, and that it needs only that we should summon to our aid a similar spirit of nationality to create for ourselves a name and a reputation throughout the world.

As to the best method of practically applying Mr. Eastlake's panacea, we are favoured with most admirable and useful instructions in chapter viii. "On the styles and methods of Painting suited to the decoration of Public Buildings." Mr. Eastlake thus defines the influence exercised by the conditions attaching to the peculiar and individual mode of representation that may be adopted:

"The materials and dimensions of works of art, and the situations and lights for which they may be intended, have been termed *external conditions*, as distinguished from what are called the *æsthetic elements* of art. Whatever be the external conditions, it is essential that the visible impression of the work should, under the circumstances, be as complete as possible. To insure this, not only the executive means, but the qualities to be represented, still require to be adapted or selected accordingly as conditions vary. Such adapted methods and resources constitute, in each case, a specific and appropriate *style*."

The manner in which these *external conditions* affect the appearance and relative distinctness and propriety of pictures placed in fixed positions, with reference to fixed lights and limited points of observation, is in this chapter fully entered into and discussed, under the several heads of "dimensions, situation, imperfect light, means of representation, position, magnitude, light, form, and colour." The perfect knowledge, depth of thought, close study, and acute observation displayed in this chapter, excite a high admiration for Mr. Eastlake's capabilities. As an able linguist, a diligent student, an indefatigable labourer in the vineyard of art,

and an ardent enthusiast in her cause, though most cautious and temperate in avoiding all extravagance, he challenges our respect and esteem. We feel convinced that no one can peruse either his "Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts," or his "Materials for a History of Oil-painting" (both published since he has held the honourable post of Secretary to the Fine Art Commission), without feeling that no one could have been better fitted for the office than himself—that no public officer could have discharged his duty more beneficially to his country—and that whenever it may please Providence to remove the present respected President of the Royal Academy, it would be hard to find any loftier head on which to place the laurel.

In these more desultory and less connected papers, Mr. Eastlake appears to much greater advantage than in his "Materials," since in that very useful book he has evidently floundered about, overwhelmed and distracted by the interest and importance of his MS. collections, sinking under an *embarras des richesses*; while in his present book, each contribution being, as it were, complete in itself, that want of lucid arrangement and clearness of style which are his literary besetting sins, do not occasion so serious a detriment to the utility of his work. In the succession of the several pieces in the present volume, order, neither of time nor sense, has been preserved in any degree. Thus, the extracts from the notes to Goethe's Theory of Colours, which were, we believe, among the earliest of our author's printed compositions, are placed very near the end of the volume; and the attention is obliged to jump backwards and forwards from perfectly abstract refinements on high art, to practical details touching the Houses of Parliament, and from the life of Raphael to the decoration of a villa, without any proper connexion or isolation. However much such occasional papers may vary in their subject, their practical value, when collected into a volume, is materially enhanced if they are arranged in some rational sequence. But probably Mr. Ker may be accountable for this; and certainly he has contrived to transfer to Sir Joshua's broad shoulders as much as possible of the responsibility of his preface. However, if it was through the kindly intervention of this friend that Mr. Eastlake was induced to allow the collection and reprint of these important contributions, the public in general will be grateful to him, for not only placing upon record these original documents, illustrating a very interesting phase in the history of the fine arts in this country during the early part of the nineteenth century, but also for giving to the student in art a code of æsthetics worthy of the advanced cultivation of the present age.

We conclude, for the present, with a somewhat lengthy but interesting extract from the paper on the State and Prospects of the English School, only premising that our readers must not overlook Mr. Eastlake's singular, and apparently unconscious, admission of the important fact which has been more than once urged in our pages, that art has not yet reached the heart of England. Our author considers that the spontaneous works of art amongst us are those in which *neither religion nor patriotism* has suggested the subjects for the artist's toil. That the English nation is essentially irreligious and unpatriotic, nobody would think of maintaining. How little chance, then, has art had of asserting her powers in this country, when she has been called in to the service of Christianity only in the manufacture of pictorial Bibles, and of patriotism in the execution of the triumphs of sculpture in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. Happily, these days are going by; and though we do know of one prelate who refused, even to the heir presumptive of an earldom, the permission to introduce scriptural paintings into his church,—(a worthy successor of that Bishop of London who, in spite of the royal will, would not suffer our imploring English artists to paint St. Paul's)—there can be no doubt that these prejudices are fast disappearing, and that as the "kist o' whistles" has long found its way into the churches of the Kirk, so we shall soon see even the Methodist meeting-house taking in the aid of painting and sculpture to illustrate its theological doctrines. We are, however, forgetting Mr. Eastlake, who thus expresses himself:—

"That the actual estimation of this department of art really indicates the tendency of taste in our own nation, is proved by the repeated exertions of individuals in proposing plans for the promotion of the style in question; by the generous encouragement occasionally extended to its votaries by others; but above all, by the efforts of the artists themselves. For it must always be borne in mind, that the aims of the artists are not to be considered as accidental predilections apart from the public feeling, but as representing a portion of that feeling. However variously modified by other influences, the formative arts must always express the manners, the taste, and, in some measure, even the intellectual habits of the nation in which they are cultivated.

"But to whatever extent the mind or manners of a nation may be communicable to its productions in art, the result is to be looked for rather in general tendencies than in degrees of technical excellence. Again, not all such tendencies can be strictly regarded as belonging to national taste. Thus, they cannot be so evident in religious subjects, in which a common education, and long consecrated themes, have tended to elevate to nearly the same standard the taste of the civilised world; nor are they so distinctly manifested even in some subjects of local interest, such as the acts of illustrious individuals, and the commemoration of national events; themes which patriotism has everywhere supplied, and which presuppose a uniformly ennobling influence. The proper and peculiar tendency, the physiognomy, so to speak, of national taste, is to be detected in more spontaneous aims; in the direction which the arts have taken, when they have been the free exponents of the intellectual and moral habits of society.

"If, then, it were proposed to compare the English school of painting (as regards its general tendency) with the schools of other countries, it would be just to consider the direction of taste in the latter when art has *not* been employed in the service of religion and patriotism; for it is, in a great measure, under such circumstances that painting has been cultivated in England. If (confining our attention to the comparison suggested) we turn our attention to the history of art in Spain, we find that during the most flourishing period of that school there was a constant demand for altar-pieces. But when not employed on these, and when free to exercise their own taste, or to consult that of the public at large, the artists rarely selected subjects which can be said to be addressed to cultivated spectators. It has been remarked that neither Roelas, Castillo, or Murillo (and the same might be affirmed of other Spanish masters), ever painted a mere historic or mythologic subject.

"It is repeated, the free efforts of the English artists are to be regarded as evidence of the tendency of taste in a considerable portion of the public; but it remains to observe, that both the efforts and the taste may be almost irrespective of the common relation between demand and supply, since the due encouragement of the higher branches of art may be 'beyond the means of private patronage.' This apparent contradiction of a desire for a particular class of art existing independently, in a great degree, of its usual consequences—the actual employment of those who, with due encouragement, might respond to it—is explained by the fact, that the decoration of public buildings, with a view to moral or religious purposes, has always been necessary for the complete establishment of a school of historical painting. The history of art shews that, whatever may be the extent of general education, the service of religion or the protection of the state is indispensable for the full practical development of the highest style of painting. Thus formed and thus exercised, historic Art lives and is progressive; but with the aid, however liberal, of private patronage alone, either its aim becomes lowered, or its worthier efforts are not sufficiently numerous to re-act on the general taste.

"To many it may appear unnecessary to assert the capacity of the English painters or of the English public for the cultivation or appreciation of what is called elevated art. But it must be remembered, that while the great stimulus and support of public employment is wanting, the exertions of the artists are gradually compelled into other directions; and some observers, looking at this result alone, may draw erroneous inferences from it,—may sometimes hastily conclude that pictures of familiar subjects, which have been of late years predominant and deservedly attractive, represent the universal and unalterable taste of the nation.

"Such observers might at the same time remark that the productions in question oftener approach the dignity of history than the vulgarity of the lowest order of subjects, and either by the choice of incidents, or by their treatment, still attest the character of the national taste. Indeed, the evidence of an intellectual aim in familiar subjects may be considered as a sufficient proof that the artists of England want only the opportunity which those of other nations have enjoyed, in order to distinguish themselves in the worthiest undertakings. But to place this question in its proper light, it will be necessary to take into consideration the peculiar circumstances under which the English school has been formed.

"The great impediments to the cultivation of the higher branches of art have been already adverted to. With few exceptions, painting in England has not been admitted into churches, (a subject which it is not intended here to discuss,) nor has it been employed to any extent in the embellishment of public buildings. Other difficulties have existed, owing to accidental circumstances.

"The perfection which the great Italian masters arrived at was the result, it is true, of slow experience; but happily for them, the more ornamental and fascinating qualities of the art were attained last. With the English school it was the reverse. Its rise in the last century was remarkable for sudden excellence in colouring and chiaroscuro, an excellence so great as to eclipse contemporary efforts in a severer style, while it gave a bias to the school. The peculiar union of what are called the ornamental parts of the art, with those essential to history, which has prevailed in England, not unattended with some sacrifice of more solid qualities, has been generally attributed to this influence.

"This mixed character became more decided in consequence of the circumstances under which the school was developed, namely, the subsequent introduction and prevalence of a style suited to small dimensions. Most of the distinguished English artists in the time of Reynolds painted the size of life. The experiment, as regards private patronage, seems to have been then fairly made, and the gradual change to reduced dimensions was the consequence of the insufficient demand for large works, arising from the limited size of English dwelling-houses.

"Hence the execution of small historical pictures, a practice recommended by the occasional example of the best masters of every school. But where the subject is dignified, smallness of dimensions cannot consistently be accompanied by smallness of treatment. Minute imitation is not found in Correggio's Gethsemane, nor in Raphael's Vision of Ezekiel, diminutive as they are. The breadth of manner which is indispensable in such elevated themes is not, however, essential in familiar subjects; and hence, when specimens of both styles, similar in size, but widely different in their technical conditions, are placed together, the impression produced by so marked a contrast is unsatisfactory, without reference to the difference of subject.

"Thus, partly through the influence of the 'ornamental' character of the school, and partly to prevent this abrupt contrast of treatment in pictures which are to hang together in galleries, (for under such circumstances, the more abstract style appears to disadvantage,) the kind of historic art chiefly followed is that which admits picturesque materials, thus combining the attractions of familiar subjects with the dignity of the historic style. Under such influences has been formed an interesting portion of the more modern English school, distinguished on the one hand from the Dutch, and on the other, from the small works of the Italian masters, embracing a great variety of subjects, sometimes scarcely removed from the familiar, sometimes approaching the grandest aim."

Essays on the Brick-Buildings of Italy, from Sketches made in 1840, 1841, and 1842. By L. Runge. (Beiträge zur Kenntniss der Backstein-Architectur Italiens, &c.) Berlin, Heymann; London, Thimm.

WHEN we laughed the other day at Herr Horn's notion of the mystical connexion between bricks, segmental arches, and the German "Evangelical Church," we were very far from wishing to decry the use of bricks in ornamental architecture of all kinds, where means do not exist for the use of stone. It is, indeed, one of the unfortunate results of any unpractical and dreamy speculations in art, especially in an unphilosophical and half-informed country like England, that they prejudice people in the most unreasonable way against every thing that is connected with such fantastic fancies. The stuff that has been uttered with solemn gravity on the subject of symbolism during the last few years, has prepossessed many a sensible person against the very idea of a symbolic meaning at all; and the exaggerated eulogies that have been passed upon the works of the early Christian painters, have made some people shut their eyes to any thing that existed before the days of Leonardo and Michael Angelo. And so too, in the mere use of architectural materials, the impudent shams and villanous trickeries that have been employed by builders and designers on one side, and the fierce denunciations of every thing but stone, oak, and red tiles, which have come forth from an indignant and antagonist school on the other, have well nigh driven poor art and common sense out of the field; so that when a man ventures to say that

deal, iron, and bricks, are, after all, not such bad things at a pinch, and *may* be used on the highest principles, he is suspected of some vile heresy or other, either in the way of art or theology.

We have ourselves long entertained the opinion that the value of brick, and its best form, *terra cotta*, as a material for Gothic construction and ornament, is very far from having been ever properly investigated among us. Nobody has yet instituted a sensible, intelligent inquiry into its fitness for our climate, its capacities for strength and elegance, and the degree of perfection to which it might be brought by a little study and experimental practice. Brick has been supposed to be a synonymous word for stinginess and architectural deceit, and to rank very little higher than lath and plaster as an instrument for building and decoration.

In such a state of the subject we do not pretend of course to venture upon any decided opinion upon the matter; but we cannot help adding our conviction that *terra cotta* will perhaps be found, as time goes on, and people come to spend a little more money upon palaces, churches, and cathedrals, to be the very best possible material for vaulting which can be employed. Its durability, its hardness, its lightness (which can be still further increased by the use of hollow bricks), and its comparatively little cost, when used in large quantities, combine to render it essentially a *better* material for a groined roof of a simple construction, than any species of stone whatever. In the mere point of security against fire, there can be little doubt, that a well put together *terra cotta* vaulting would stand uninjured the fierceness of flames which would crack and bring to the ground a roofing of natural stone. Cologne Cathedral, it is well known, is vaulted with a species of natural brick; the volcanic tufa, of which it is constructed, forming one of the lightest and most useful descriptions of stone which come under the mason's chisel for such purposes.

That ornamental brickwork can ever become an appropriate and valuable portion of English architecture, we have, indeed, serious doubts. There are two things which chiefly forbid its general use; our climate and our smoke. Brick mouldings and decorations of every species are, from the nature of the material, so especially delicate and slight in their design and size, in comparison with the bolder and larger works of which stone is capable, that they speedily lose all their beauty and appropriateness when subjected to the blackening influences of an English city or manufacturing town. The variations in tint, which form one of their characteristic and most pleasing features, vanish before the touch of the detestable clouds that emanate from our chimneys; all light and shade, whether of colour or of mere *chiaroscuro*, is swallowed up in the odious superstratum of soot, and little more charm remains than is the lot of one of our dismal, square, factory-looking, yellow-brick London dwelling-houses.

Nor, even where smoke is absent, will brick mouldings tell sufficiently in our climate, to enable them to compete for a moment with works in stone. Everybody that knows the sunny lands farther south, has noticed the striking difference between the *light* of those bright climes and of our own clearest summer days. The English sun, at the best, is foggy, in comparison with the radiance of Sicily, Spain, or Greece. The shadows it casts are mere shades, mere dullness, mere dimness, in comparison with the sharp, clear-cut depths which give a life and spirit to the most delicate workmanship in lands where more brilliant rays lighten the world. There is a monotonousness in the general tone of English light, and a coldness of colour, even when it is hottest to the bodily sense, which renders this country an unfit abode for many a charming work of art which delights the eye in more southern regions, and under a more glowing sun. Wherever the attempt has been made amongst us to use the dainty workmanship of bricks in a really artistic spirit, it has failed to commend itself to the general feeling of the people, not merely from its own poverty and feebleness of design and defects of execution, but from its demanding certain conditions for the display of its essential character which the skies of Great Britain refuse to accord.

How beautiful are many of the brick buildings of Italy, those who know not may learn from an examination of Mr. Runge's work, which we have placed at the head of these remarks. The great hospital, and the church of Santa Maria della Grazia (of which the choir is the work of Bramante), at Milan; the church of Santa Maria in Strata at Monza; the *Foro dei Mercanti* at Bologna, and many other churches and palaces in the same picturesque city; the superb Chartreuse near Pavia;—these are among the best known and most exquisite instances of the beauty that can be attained by brick architecture. Besides these, however, there is scarcely a city of importance in the upper half of Italy which cannot furnish its examples of this species of the art; Pisa, Sienna, Ferrara, Lucca, Faenza, and others, are especially remarkable for their specimens; and even in the midst of the marbles of Venice, Ravenna, and Rome, instances are to be found of the choice of bricks by artists of no mean skill and judgment. The singular and ingenious porcelain works of *Luca della Robbia*, in Florence and other neighbouring states, may also be perhaps counted among the most successful instances of the use of this material, so often supposed to be useless in all ornamental design, and incapable of being employed in any other way than in the mere solid construction of walls and buttresses. As in every thing else that concerns art, in any of its multifarious forms, there is no land like Italy; so especially the triumphs of Gothic architecture, with all its hand-maid decorations and accompaniments in wood and metal, in brick and in stone, which still linger amid the wreck of the mediæval traditions and feelings, in that wonderful land, are the surprise and the delight of every artist or amateur who has possessed opportunities for discovering them, and a taste for appreciating what he had found. Of its brick works, Mr. Runge's carefully executed lithographs supply many very beautiful examples, both of entire buildings and of separate details. The spirit, the grace, and the remarkable richness of the arches, doors, mouldings, and general ornaments, will surprise every one who has not personally examined the buildings themselves. Many of them are such, that were it not for the indication of the real material shewn in the flat parts of the walls, they would be at first sight taken for very interesting and elegant stone carvings, conceived in a singularly original and somewhat quaint spirit of design. They include examples of many periods, from the golden days of Gothic architecture, to the times of the predominance of the *renaissance*; and as may be supposed, in some instances unite forms and ornaments which to the rigidly critical eye savour of a mere jumbling of styles, rather than of any accurately ascertained principles of composition. Of the examples of the *renaissance*, one of the most striking and graceful is taken from the well-known *Cortile della Fontana* of the Chartreuse in the environs of Pavia. The *Cortile* is a large square, round which runs an arcade, of which the columns are in stone, and the arches, with the frieze, cornice, &c. in the highly enriched and most boldly executed *terra cotta*. Medallions, with heads, or rather with the upper portion of whole figures, standing out in high relief, are placed at intervals above each column, and the frieze is adorned with medallions and figures of children, in a somewhat lower relief; the effect of the whole being peculiarly rich, finished, and delicate.

Ferrara offers some of the most curious examples of the peculiarities of Italian Gothic, and among the rest the church of Stephen, a building which, if it were now executed in this country, would be deservedly denounced as one of the most hideous pieces of carpenter's Gothic that ever was perpetrated with Roman cement and whitewash. Yet its details are full of beauty.

The most superb thing in the whole is, however, the façade of the church of *Santa Maria in Strata* at Monza, which is unquestionably such a work, both for composition and decoration, as would astonish not a little the lovers of old Gothic art, who conceive that nothing but trash and deceits can come forth from any source except the chisel of the stone-mason.

We need scarcely add, that Mr. Runge's publication deserves a place in the library of every one who would

have his collection of works on mediæval art in any way perfect.

Studien, von August Haun. Parts I. and II. Berlin. London, Thimm.

THESE carefully-executed lithographs are among the tokens that the study of landscape-painting is on the advance in Germany, perhaps as rapidly as historical art is advancing among ourselves. Landscape-painting, however, is still an English art; and painstaking as are Herr Haun's studies, we can hardly say that he has rivalled the average works of the great artists of the English school. Nevertheless, no man who works with the rigorous fidelity which is aimed at in these prints can be otherwise than in the right road to excellence; while at times, even as it is, Herr Haun attains to something like perfection. In the series before us, there is a beech-tree overhanging a stream of water not only drawn with the most scrupulous care, but transferred to the stone with not a little vigour and delicacy of touch, and displaying a degree of appreciation of the *sentiment* of trees which is not common among continental artists.

Perhaps it is scarcely fair to judge of the original drawings from the lithographic copies; for charming as are the figures and historical lithographs of our French and German contemporaries, there is a peculiar hardness and want of brilliancy in their mode of drawing upon stone, which tells unfavourably upon their efforts in the way of landscape. They seem to lack facility and readiness of hand, and forget that the same slow, though exquisitely delicate operation which gives birth to their admirable historical engravings, is inapplicable to the rendering of the sparkling vivacity, and broad aerial tints of sea, and wood, and sky. At the same time, these Berlin Studies are interesting and valuable studies.

PANORAMA OF PARIS, LEICESTER SQUARE.

MR. BURFORD has opened a new view of Paris: it is painted with much of his usual skill in perspective, both linear and aerial, and calculated from its subject to be just now popular with the sight-seeing world of London. The panorama is taken from a spot in the Place de la Concorde, shewing well the singular collection of figures, columns, and balustrades which are placed in that noble site, with a certain degree of French architectural taste, but with wonderfully little meaning or appropriateness. This point of view presents some of the most striking features of the city, including the old Chamber of Deputies, now the Chamber of the National Assembly. The day is supposed to be that on which the Republic is proclaimed, and crowds innumerable are swarming towards the vast portico of the Chambers, where tri-colors and all the rest of the republican paraphernalia bespeak the scene that is going on. Across the Place de la Concorde itself comes a procession, hastening to plant a tree of liberty, and preceded by a small body of the clergy, about to bless the emblem of freedom.

There are many pleasing parts in the picture, but on the whole it is not equal to many of Mr. Burford's former efforts. There is the usual redundancy of hot yellow tints, and to a portion of the view the painter has given the appearance of a dim, sultry London August afternoon. Notwithstanding the presence also of a tolerable number of figures (which are for the most part very hastily put in and painted), there is a look of sleepy heaviness about the whole, which ill accords with the vehement excitement which was the real characteristic of the day on which the city is supposed to be seen. So large a portion of the panorama is without signs of life, that the impression of the groups that occur here and there is not enough to confer sufficient spirit and vivacity to the entire view. The panorama is, however, far from being without considerable interest.

THE GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

MR. BURCHETT'S LECTURE ON FREE-HAND DRAWING.

THE system of giving lectures on various branches of art to the students at the School of Design in Somerset House, as contemplated in the original plan of the institution, is now beginning to work with material advantage to the pupils. Within the last few months, lectures in a popular and attractive style have been delivered by the professors of the school, and there is every appearance, not only that they are received with general and increasing interest, but that they will tend materially to elevate the artistic tone of feeling among the students; while they cannot fail to foster that cordial sympathy between the teachers and the taught, and that mutual appreciation of each others' labours, without which the school can never attain the high end which its well-wishers desire.

On the 26th ult., Mr. Burchett, the master, delivered a lecture on free-hand drawing to a large auditory, and notwithstanding the apparent dryness of the subject, succeeded in interesting his hearers to a degree which speaks volumes for the heartiness with which they enter into their studies. As the

progress of the School of Design must be viewed with considerable interest by every lover of art in the country, we shall occasionally present our readers with an account of the lectures that may from time to time be delivered to the students, and commence with an outline of Mr. Burchett's lecture yesterday week.

After a brief introduction, in which he stated that the object of the Government in founding schools of design was not to support seminaries for builders' clerks, nor inaugural institutions for the Royal Academy, but to foster the study of *ornamental art*, and to aid the studies of *designers*, Mr. Burchett proceeded as follows:

"Geometry being the basis of all form, and a practical acquaintance with at least its rudiments being indispensably necessary to the designer, this branch of science is the introductory study to the class of form. In conjunction with geometry is perspective, necessary in various measures, to the designer of chintzes, to the decorative painter, and to ornamentists of every species. Next in order follow the studies of free-hand drawing, and at this division of his labours is the future course of the student's abilities naturally determined. If the productions of the loom are to be enriched and adorned with the labours of his pencil, by the special study of the floral and vegetable productions of his own and other countries, he must seek to perfect his knowledge, and to accumulate stores of appropriate ideas, both of form and colour, by which to add artistic value to the productions of mechanical industry.

If the student, on the other hand, devote his attention to design requiring a knowledge of the human form, to him the studies of the figure class both in drawing and painting, based upon a systematic and thorough knowledge of anatomy, including the study of drapery, present all their attractions. While the class for the study of modelling furnishes to students so prepared, that manipulative power and special education which is requisite to enable them to embody their own imaginings, and become original designers. Beyond this, the special study of ornament and the practice of applied design complete the course of studies; and by nothing short of this can the objects of the Government be achieved, with nothing less than this can the student's education be complete."

Mr. Burchett then explained the nature of those geometrical elements of form, which are the root of all forms of grace and beauty, the circle, the ellipse, and the varieties of the sections of the cone, together with all the boundless variations which result from the combination of portions of the same and varying curves in the same or different directions. He reminded the students, at the same time, that in drawing the designs for decorations many forms will not appear upon paper the same as when actually executed and fixed in peculiar positions. All the circumstances of different angles of vision, from which alone these productions will be visible, and the height from the eye at which they are placed, must be taken into consideration in the composition of the designs. For instance, a frieze, decorated with scroll ornaments perfectly true in their curves, would, if seen from below at an acute angle of vision, appear compressed by the superincumbent weight. The noble piece of frieze from the forum of Trajan affords an example of the care with which the ancients guarded against this apparent change in their compositions. In this instance the curves are compressed vertically, because, the ornament being seen from below, the angle of vision would modify the abruptness of the curve, and produce an agreeable form.

"It is evident (proceeded the lecturer) that the training of the eye to understand and appreciate the regularity of curves as produced by *geometrical* means, whether simple or complex, is the readiest way for preparing the student to enter upon the study and practice of curved lines formed by the hand alone. My experience in this school has given me frequent opportunities of observing this; for while young students, who for the first time attempt to describe curves of a simple character, have been involved for a short time in perplexing confusion, and have produced *anything* rather than curves, I have frequently found that young men in the practice of mechanical avocations (such as carpenters, &c.) which have familiarised them with regular forms, have at once felt, and very soon succeeded in reproducing, the same lines. But you must not therefore, for a moment, regard the study of geometrically formed curves as other than the means to an end; for it is with that wonderful production of the Omnipotent Creator's power—the hand—which in his physical organisation places him far above the inferior animal, and which, when directed by the cultivated mind, shew, that he is made in the image of God, that we have most to do.

Without the powers of the hand, capable as they are of a most wonderful development, what an imperfect being must man have been! How many a glorious emanation of the divinity in man—the mind—which has been transmitted through ages for the instruction and delight of mankind, must have sunk into dust with the teeming brain which gave it birth! What an untranslatable language must *thought* have remained!

Without the wonderful and perfect mechanism of the hand, man must have been the most miserable of beings, condemned to lead a life of unsatisfied longings and unfulfilled desires. Let us for a moment survey some of its productions. The temples of the Pagan and Christian worlds, from the pyramids of Egypt to the glorious productions of mediæval art and science in our own land, arise to our view; while every age discovers long-buried trophies of its skill, in barren sands and mountain ravines; and by its aid we are enabled to mark the flight of time, the dread enemy of its choicest productions.

Of what cultivation, indeed, is the human hand *not* capable? what precision, what amount of excellence are we not justified in expecting from the careful development of its powers? Curved geometrical lines are produced generally by mechanical means, and consequently encumbered with a considerable amount of scaffolding. To the educated hand, however, these preliminary foundation-lines are, in connexion with ornamental art, unnecessary; guided by a refined perception of beauty, its lines undulate in exquisite variety, combining and modifying circles, ellipses, or scrolls, in never-ending change; adapting them readily to every conceivable necessity of form and space, and presenting combinations that would almost defy the most patient geometrical analysis, and certainly all mathematical invention.

The education of the hand to the attainment of beauty and precision of line is, then, one of the important objects of the studies of the class of free-hand drawing.

I have already observed that a refined appreciation of the beautiful is necessary to enable the student to produce beautiful forms. A slight departure from our more immediate subject will therefore be advisable, in order that we may inquire as briefly as possible into the nature of beauty; and I shall confine myself to its relations with the subjects which form the principal materials of study in the class of free-hand drawing, with the view of furnishing you with a few salient points, which I must leave to your study and observation to connect with one another.

The mind of man, ever eager to investigate, and anxious to define the causes of the emotions he experiences, has endeavoured for two thousand years to define the producing causes and constituent qualities of beauty. Socrates appears to have erected the standard of fitness, and instanced, we are told, his own nasal organ as a beautiful one, on account of its capacity for smelling. David Hume and others assert that beauty is no quality in things themselves, but exists solely in the mind that contemplates them, and that each man is an *arbiter elegantiarum* to himself, without any right to interfere in the opinions of others. Hogarth alone, in that part of his analysis of beauty which treats of the waving line, has placed before us beauty, as we must view it, abstractedly from fitness or expression, and merely as produced by the combination of *lines* and *curves*. That it has often been supposed to be produced by many and various causes, and that because the contemplation of beauty gives pleasure, therefore objects which produce pleasing emotions have been falsely called beautiful, is evident upon a cursory examination of many works written on the subject.

Many endeavours have been made to establish some universal standard of beauty, by those who have sought to erect a material one. The female form has thus been chosen. Yet, though we of course admit that the female form in its perfection is exquisitely beautiful, consideration would prove that it is possessed of certain qualities which exist in a greater or less degree in all organic forms; and according as it possesses more or less of these forms, is it more or less beautiful. Some theorists erroneously define beauty as being simply that which is pleasing, overlooking the fact, that things are not beautiful because they please, but please because they are beautiful. Beauty has also been said to consist in fitness; but on such a view it would appear that it is the excellence, completeness, or perfection of the object which excites our admiration, and not any presence of the quality of the beautiful. The principle of association has also been the source of much error, for objects which we love wind themselves so closely round our hearts, that our admiration too easily induces us to confound the causes of our emotions, and to assert that to be beautiful which is pleasing to us individually.

Apart, however, from all such ideas, let us examine some of the forms of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, which all agree in pronouncing beautiful. Let us select woman, the Arab horse, the greyhound, and a leaf. Now, if we find that all these instances possess certain qualities in common, and that when any of these qualities is absent, the sense of beauty is either diminished or destroyed, are we not justified in concluding that these common qualities are the source of our pleasing emotions? and if further we find, that by regulating our artistic productions by the same laws, we are enabled to produce other forms similarly pleasing, have we not discovered the source of what we agree to call beauty of form, analysed its nature, and applied its laws to our own use?

In the admission and appreciation, however, of this standard of beauty in form (to which point alone our attention must be directed), is involved the question of perception, sensibility, and its cultivation. In other words, beauty is both objective and subjective. We know that, in the physical nature of man, the various senses vary in every possible degree, from absolute abnegation to the most exquisite degree of perfection; and that by cultivation, their perfectness may be almost indefinitely increased. And we cannot doubt that the mental æsthetic sensibility, which we call *taste*, with which every man is more or less endowed, is capable of being increased in intensity and perfection to a very surprising extent. The correct predication of beauty will therefore depend upon the competence of the observer. As the short-sighted man cannot say that the beauties of landscape which lie beyond his powers of vision do not exist except in the imagination of those who are blest with better eyesight, so neither can it be truly said that beauty exists only in the mind, and that every individual ought to acquiesce in his own sentiments regarding it, without pretending to regulate those of others.

As exemplifying the powers of perception acquired by habit and education, the celebrated Baron Dupan remarks, that the coppersmith, the tinsmith, and the cooper, distinguish with great facility whether surfaces are cylindrical or conical, but are not so capable of judging of other forms. The turner and the potter can tell at a glance whether any surface is a surface of revolution, or flattened or elongated in any part. The architect will judge easily of the varied forms of cylinders and cones, as well as of surfaces of revolution. And so on in all branches of art and mechanical action.

From an examination of the various lines of beauty producible from different geometric forms, we find, that to produce that aggregate quality of line which we agree to call beautiful, *variety*, *continuity*, *contrast*, *gradation*, and *symmetry*, are absolutely necessary, and that without these qualities, no high degree of beauty of line can exist. Let us, then, apply these principles to the instances of beauty in form which we before instanced.

In that normal form of female beauty, the Medicean Venus, we find the qualities in question combined in a pre-eminent degree. Its contour exhibits exquisitely *varied* elliptical curves of unbroken *continuity*, melting into each other by subtle and refined *gradation*, the various parts *contrasting* with each other most harmoniously, and in perfect *symmetry*. If we substitute for the graduated curves of the Venus, parts more strongly pronounced, curves abutting upon each other sharply, and with little gradation, or broken lines and angles of attenuation, or the unvaried and unsymmetrical forms of obesity, we shall find that we have exchanged gratification for aversion, and elegance for vulgarity.

So also in animals like the horse and greyhound, in proportion as their contour possesses the qualities before enumerated, we concur in calling them beautiful, apart from any idea of use or fitness. Though the race-horse possesses in a transcendent degree one quality of his species—fleetness—no one would prefer his bony and tendonous form, all whalebone and whip-cord, to the flowing and elliptical lines of the Arab; or deem that the Arab would suffer in comparison with the Flemish dray-horse, because the latter possessed double the strength of the former. Such also is the case in the beautiful forms of the vegetable world. These views are also confirmed by the high authority of Father André, who defines beauty to be “variety reduced to unity, by symmetry and harmony.” The same principles are maintained in the philosophic works of Hutcheson, Cronzas, Mendelssohn, St. Augustine, and others, who have only reasserted and amplified the doctrine first enunciated by Aristotle himself.

Let me now add a few words on the subject of *grace*, which may with propriety be said to be beauty in *motion*. Thus says Milton of Eve:

“Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture, dignity and love.”

Grandeur, again, less important to the ornamentist than beauty and grace, is produced by an increase of the scale to which the lines of a beautiful object are drawn, with a consequent diminution of the number of parts; *contrast* being restrained by *simplicity*, and *variety* by *severity*. The grandeur of the Venus of Milo, as compared with the beauty of the Medicean, owes its origin to these causes. The works of the early masters of Christian art afford many striking instances of this quality; for by the noble simplicity of their draperies, they have often, notwithstanding much imperfection and conventional peculiarity of drawing, presented us with figures which the greatest of their successors have never surpassed in solemnity and grandeur.”

Mr. Burchett then went on to impress upon his audience the extreme importance of those elementary studies, which to the young pupil often appear most purposeless and useless, and which he generally finds least attractive and agreeable,

urging them to trust to the unanimous opinion of those who know by experience the vast importance of a power of drawing with perfect freedom and power of hand. In enforcing this point, he shewed the manner in which the various properties of the chief geometrical curves are all employed with more or less fidelity in every beautiful form, illustrating his words with numerous diagrams. Then, advancing to the point of study when lines are connected so as to produce definite form, he said :

"It will be found that the contrasting the opposite sides of forms conduces to their beauty in a greater degree than a mere opposition. It may be necessary also to define that *contrast* is modified opposition, while *opposition* is taken to mean mere absolute reversed repetition; and upon examination it appears that what we call contrast is the distinctive mark of vitality and animated nature, and opposition of inanimate forms and absolute fixity. The two halves of the human body are, indeed, exact repetitions, but they are so only when in a state of perfect quiescence; the moment vitality asserts itself in motion, opposition gives place to contrast. In the vegetable, where vitality is manifested not in mobility but in development, we find the law of contrast substituted invariably for that of bare opposition. In the works of architecture, and other similar works of man, opposition, on the other hand, bears sway almost unlimited; in classical architecture the principle of contrast being even less frequently called in than in the more highly decorated and varied forms of mediæval art. The geometrical form of ornament also prevails in the former; in the latter the forms of the vegetable kingdom are the frequent types on which the artist has modelled his compositions."

After various illustrations of the truth of these positions, drawn from the structure of the acanthus, the olive, the oak, the thistle, the vine, and the convolvulus, and the works of antique sculpture and Italian painting, Mr. Burchett concluded by an earnest exhortation to the students of the school to follow up the advantages they derive from the institution by a zealous co-operation on their own part, not only by a diligent attendance upon the actual instructions of the masters, but by a perpetual cultivation of their sense of beauty during every hour they live, assuring them that each day would then reveal to them new sources of pleasure and delight, every object which surrounded them would possess a charm, and they would become cosmopolites of the animate and the inanimate worlds.

Journal of the Week.

May 26.—The House of Lords last night threw out the Jewish Disabilities Bill by 168 to 128. Lord Lansdowne moved the second reading, denying that it was a religious question, and shewing the inconsistency of allowing a Jew to sit as a magistrate, and yet not to sit in Parliament. Lord Ellenborough opposed the bill, saying that it was contrary to Christianity, which was part of the law of the land. The Duke of Cambridge said the same. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Oxford also opposed the measure; the latter asserting, that Jews could not identify themselves in political feeling with any country in which they lived. The Bishop of St. David's supported the bill, as did the Duke of Argyll. Lord Stanley said the passing of the bill would be a repudiation of Christianity; and Lord Brougham laughed at the Bishop of Oxford's speech.

In the Commons a conversation took place on the postponement of the question of the Spanish diplomatic dispute; and the Health of Towns Bill was reported.

The preliminaries of Mr. Mitchell's trial continue, but the hard work has not commenced. The chances seem about even on both sides.

There has been a horrible bloodshedding at Naples. After an unsuccessful insurrection on the 17th, in which four hundred of the troops were killed, the city was given up to pillage by the Government during several hours. The magnificent villas and palaces which extended to the sea-shore are, it is said, at present but a heap of ashes. The lazzaroni were on the side of the King, and conspicuous in the most frightful outrages.

The Tuscan papers publish a sovereign decree uniting the states of Massa and Carrara, and the territories of Lunigiana and Garfagnana, to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany.

Lamartine concluded his speech on foreign affairs in the Assembly, with an eulogy on peace, which, with the rest of his exposition of the conduct of the Provisional Government, was received with enthusiasm. The Polish matter is referred to a committee.

The Schleswig-Holstein affair seems about to be certainly settled peaceably. The King of Prussia spoke to this effect in his speech at the opening of the Assembly at Berlin, where he was well received; and orders have been despatched to General Wrangel to withdraw the German troops from that part of Jutland which he had occupied. The most remarkable feature in the Prussian Assembly itself, is the presence of eight or ten peasants, deputies, in their provincial costume. Signs of the

times are also shewn in two of the new elections in Berlin; in one district Dr. Jacoby, a Jew from Königsberg, who may be said to have given the first impulse to the movement with which the King has had to struggle through his whole reign, by a celebrated pamphlet called *The Four Questions*, has been chosen; the candidate in another district was a *savant* named Bruno Bauer, who has written several works of anti-Christian tendencies. He is one of the chief leaders of the school of Rationalists, of whom Strauss is the most known in England; but on his appeal to the suffrage of the citizens he was rejected in favour of a candidate of much less talent and notoriety.

The Emperor of Austria and other members of the imperial family arrived at Innsbruck on the 19th. They were received with excessive joy by the inhabitants, who took the horses from their carriages, and dragged them into the town.

May 27.—The debate in the Commons last night commenced with a conversation on the new approaches to the town of Windsor, which Messrs. Hume and Bright attacked, as paid for by public money; and which Lord Morpeth defended, on the ground that the money is not public, but given by a railway company for their own advantage. Then followed conversations on indirect taxation and the late Rajah of Sattara, and a debate on the Borough Election Bill, on which the House resolved itself into Committee.

Dublin is vehemently excited by the trial of Mr. Mitchell, but no progress is yet made, except in objecting to jurymen and settling the panel. The *Tipperary Free Press* publishes Lord Shrewsbury's letter announcing himself a Repealer, and expressing a belief that Peel is to carry Repeal.

The siege of Peschiera has begun with some spirit.

A Paris despatch gives the following account of the massacre at Naples.

On the 15th instant a difference between the King and the Chamber led to a breach of the peace, in consequence of which the troops were called out. The National Guard immediately raised barricades in the streets, and a combat ensued. After a time the fighting became general, musketry and grapeshot being discharged. The accounts state that the King granted a pillage to the lazzaroni, upon which a scene of almost indescribable horror followed, for it seems a general massacre ensued. Houses were broken into by the lazzaroni and soldiers, and men, women, and children murdered, and their bodies thrown from the windows into the streets below. In many cases the most horrible tortures were inflicted, the victims being pricked in the face with bayonets to compel them to cry "*Viva el Rey!*" The massacre lasted eight hours, and terminated in the King's favour, the surviving National Guards being disarmed.

On Saturday the 13th, in the morning, the deputies were assembled in the Salle de Monte Olivetto, in preparatory session, to modify the form of the oath to be taken at the opening of Parliament. This oath was in these terms:—"I swear fidelity to the King and the Constitution of the 29th of January." The deputies were opposed to this form, because it was not in consonance with the concessions of the 3d of April. Saturday and Sunday passed in negotiations. In the evening, at 11 o'clock, it was announced that the King would not modify the form.

The deputies, to the number of eighty, met, declared themselves in permanence, and sent a deputation to the King to treat as to a modification. The King refused. The National Guard went in great numbers to Monte Olivetto to persuade the deputies to persevere. About midnight another deputation was sent to the palace, when the King demanded time. A modification of the oath was then proposed, in which a reservation of the rights conferred by the decree of the 3d of April should be made. The King pretended to accept this, but the Chamber learned that the troops had meanwhile been ordered out, and force being thus resorted to, all conciliation became impossible. Soon after midnight the National Guard commenced constructing barricades. At half-past 1 the *général* was beaten, and at 2 the troops—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—issued from their barracks and occupied the spaces around the palace, the castle, and the market. The King being informed of the construction of the barricades, ordered the soldiers to withdraw, and consented to the Parliament being opened without any oath. This formality was to have taken place with explanations on the subject of the statute. The National Guard, however, refused to lower the barricades except on the condition of the abolition of the Chamber of Peers, the surrender of the fortresses, and the removal of the troops from the capital. This being declined, the troops were again ordered out, and the squares of the palace and other places were covered with armed forces, including a great quantity of artillery. At 9 o'clock the Swiss troops were drawn out around the castle. At half-past 9 there was an apparent movement to retreat, but about 11 o'clock a musket was discharged by accident, when the National Guard, believing itself betrayed, commenced firing. The Swiss and the other troops then opened a raking fire of musketry by battalions, and the artillery commenced a murderous discharge of grape—the conflict, in fact, became general.

At the barricades of San Fernando and San Bridgida the National Guards sustained a fire of musketry and artillery for three hours without yielding an inch of ground. On the commencement the lower orders seemed disposed to take the side of the National Guard, but being offered by the King and the troops the privilege of pillage, they took the other side. Doors and gates of shops and private houses were soon forced, and a general pillage and massacre commenced to the cries of "*Viva el Rey!*" The signal of attack was given by three guns from the fort, when the red flag was raised.

Unheard-of atrocities were perpetrated by the lazzaroni and the troops. They rushed into the private houses, and massacred the inhabitants without distinction of age or sex, flinging the bodies of their victims from the windows. In one house were shot a father, mother, and four children. Other victims were dragged alive through the streets to be butchered, struck as they went along, and insulted by the agents of the police and the soldiers, who compelled them to cry "*Viva el Rey!*" When they refused, they were pricked in the face with the points of the bayonets. The Royal Guard murdered two sons of the Marquis Vassatori in his own palace—the father went stark mad. The palace was sacked. The emissaries of Del Carretto—and according to some accounts Del Carretto himself—were employed in goading on the rabble to these acts of atrocity. Several persons known to entertain liberal opinions were dragged from their houses and shot. The massacre continued for eight hours. The hospitals were filled with wounded. In one Swiss regiment alone there were 800 killed and wounded, of whom 30 were officers. Government was proceeding to disarm the National Guard. The aspect of the city was deplorable. It seemed to be converted into one vast tomb.

The correspondents of the French journals say, that the French Admiral Baudin expressed the greatest indignation at the conduct of the King, and announced that, treaties and the law of nations having been violated by the Neapolitan Government, he would give one hour to stop the disorder, and guarantee the inviolability of persons and properties; that otherwise he would bring his fleet from Castel Mare, and disembark 9000 men to defend the rights of humanity and nations.

May 29.—The trial of John Mitchell is over, and he is already on his way to his place of banishment. The case was tried on Friday, the Attorney General opening the case for the Crown, and Mr. Holmes, who identified himself in opinions with the prisoner, speaking for Mr. Mitchell. Mr. Holmes admitted, however, that his client was statutorily though not morally guilty. The jury deliberated about three hours. Shortly after seven o'clock Mr. Justice Moore entered the court, and the jury having been called, and asked whether they had agreed, the foreman, amidst breathless silence, handed down the verdict, GUILTY.

Upon the announcement the prisoner's wife threw herself on the shoulder of her husband in an agony of grief. Several of the prisoner's friends, including Messrs. T. F. Meagher, T. Devin Reilly, the Rev. Father Kenyon, Dr. Gray, Mr. Doheny, Mr. J. B. Dillon, &c., then came forward, and gave him a parting shake of the hand; but Mr. Baron Lefroy called on the police to clear the passage in front of the dock; stating that the conduct of the prisoner's friends was calculated to disturb the order and propriety of the court. He then directed that the prisoner should be removed, and brought before the court at eleven o'clock to-morrow (Saturday) morning, to hear his sentence pronounced.

Shortly before the jury had pronounced their verdict, some person ran into Green Street, and announced to the people that there was no probability of an agreement. This declaration was at once caught up, and deafening shouts of applause, which lasted several minutes, followed. At last the police received orders to clear the streets; but the moment these orders were given the people dispersed quietly. When the reality of a verdict of guilty became known to the populace they began to depart in silence; and at half-past seven o'clock the streets in the neighbourhood of the prison were clear of all except the police, who still remained. Almost all the shop-windows in Capel Street were immediately closed when the news spread abroad. The foreman of the jury was escorted in a covered vehicle guarded by three policemen to his residence.

The next day the prisoner was brought up, and sentence of fourteen years transportation pronounced upon him. He protested loudly against his conviction, as did his counsel, Mr. Holmes. The judges were escorted home by police and troops. In Sackville Street and at Carlisle Bridge there was considerable groaning as the carriage passed; but, with this exception, there was no other indication of feeling. Although there was considerable excitement, every thing passed off quietly; and, so far as could be ascertained, there was not the least accident, nor an approach to any thing like a breach of the peace.

Mr. Mitchell was sent from Newgate at half-past four o'clock to the North Wall, escorted by a large force of cavalry,

where he was put on board the Sheerwater Government packet, which forthwith set sail for Spike Island. There was a large crowd on the wall, who loudly cheered him. He was not clothed as a convict, but was strongly chained.

A subscription has been already set on foot for the wife and children of Mr. John Mitchell. The lady is a niece of Sir William Verner, M.P. for the county of Armagh, and was married at the early age of fifteen years. She is the mother of four children, the eldest of whom is nine years old. Among the contributors to the subscription are Mr. R. O'Gorman, sen., for 50*l.*; Mr. T. F. Meagher, 50*l.*; Mr. W. O'Hara, 50*l.* Up to Friday night the sum collected amounted to nearly 400*l.*

As a pendant to the above, the story of the conduct of the Mr. Mitchell of Paris is curious. When M. Blanqui was arrested he was placed in a hackney-coach, and conveyed to Vincennes under a strong escort. During the ride, Blanqui made use of the most incoherent language. He wept, laughed, and sung, at intervals. He spoke of his wife and children; said that there was but one Republican in France—"himself." When he arrived at Vincennes he entreated not to be placed near Barbès, whom he designated as an unskilful hand that had spoiled the game. He then fell into a state of absolute prostration. When the guardian brought him his supper, he said to him, "Tell them, that although they have Blanqui's head, they have not the rest; and tell them, moreover, that before a month I shall be higher than a cathedral!"

At the head-quarters of the Piedmont army, the weather has continued to be most unfavourable; and as the heavy rains had washed away some of the new works before Peschiera, the operations of the siege have been of necessity temporarily discontinued.

May 30.—In the House of Commons last night Mr. Herries moved a resolution in favour of the present Navigation Laws, which he maintained to be necessary to foster our commercial marine, and urging that our commercial marine was the foundation of our naval ascendancy, and that the maintenance of our naval ascendancy was the paramount duty of those who administered the affairs of Great Britain. Mr. Labouchere replied in an able speech, in the course of which he entered into an argument to prove that these navigation restrictions were felt as a burden and grievance by our colonies, and again referred to the memorials from Jamaica, and from the House of Assembly and the Legislative Council of Canada, to shew that both those colonies had loudly called for their immediate repeal. He also shewed that we had no reason to fear the competition of our American rivals in the carrying trade, supposing the Navigation Laws were repealed, by quoting a variety of returns, from which it appeared that, under the pressure of that competition, which was described as so overwhelming that British shipping could not flourish without the aid of protective duties, the increase of British shipping had of late years been enormous. Alderman Thompson and Mr. H. Drummond supported the resolution; Mr. Baillie and Mr. Wilson opposed it. The debate was adjourned.

London was astonished last night by the procession of some thousand Chartists from Finsbury to Charing Cross and back again, for no object that appeared. They were summoned by their leaders to sympathise with Mr. Mitchell on his conviction, and were said to be generally armed. The police were on duty, and all passed quietly, whatever may be at the bottom of the affair.

Dublin continues vehemently excited; but there has been but little rioting.

A successor to the *United Irishman* is to make its appearance next Saturday, under the attractive name of the *Felon*. Father Kenyon, it is said, will be a leading contributor to its columns.

The Queen has ordered a general mourning for the Princess Sophia, who died on Saturday last, to commence on the 1st of June, and last for ten days.

Paris is still filled with agitation, the dismissal of Emile Thomas, the superintendent of the Government workshops, being the chief present cause of excitement. He has been sent, *bon gré, mal gré*, on a mission (!) to Bordeaux; the Government believing that he might organise a formidable movement of *ouvriers*.

The slaughter of the Neapolitans has roused Italy to frenzy. The Pope is said to be struck with horror at the tidings. At Florence a concourse assembled and tore down the Neapolitan arms from the residence of the ambassador of King Ferdinand, with cries of "Death to the assassin of the people! Death to all the Bourbons!" A corps of volunteers was only restrained from marching to Naples by the suggestion that their services were more urgently required in Lombardy. Similar *autos-da-fé* have taken place at Livorno and Pisa. In the Chamber of Turin it was proposed to go into mourning for a week, and to protest, in the name of the Sardinian Government, against the conduct of the King of Naples. The Ministry declared their cordial concurrence in the proposal, which was unanimously adopted.

The King of Naples has disbanded the National Guard, decreed the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies, and declared the city in a state of siege. He has also appointed a Committee of Public Safety, composed of five persons, authorised to incarcerate individuals as a "preventive" measure, on condition of giving them up to the competent authorities at the expiration of fifteen days.

A Piedmontese paper affirms that the insurrection had broken out afresh. All the Italian papers call upon the Neapolitans to follow the example of the Sicilians, and depose King Ferdinand. The number of the victims of the bombardment is estimated at 2000. Prince Cirillo and his two sons are amongst the prisoners. The Duchess has been shut up in a convent.

May 31.—In the House of Commons last night, Mr. B. Roche asked Sir G. Grey whether it was the intention of her Majesty's Government to carry into execution in all its rigour the "disproportionate and unjust" sentence which had been recently passed upon Mr. Mitchell.

Sir G. Grey would say nothing as to the epithets which Mr. Roche had applied to a sentence regularly passed by a court of justice. He would, however, distinctly declare to Mr. Roche, that instructions had been given to carry that sentence fully into effect. (This declaration was met with the loudest cheering from nearly every member at the time in the House.)

Mr. Bouverie brought forward a motion, condemning the present Ecclesiastical Courts. After a debate, in which Sir R. Inglis, Col. Sibthorp, and Mr. Hudson defended the courts, on the suggestion of Sir G. Grey, Mr. Bouverie withdrew the motion, the Government undertaking to take up the question next session.

Dr. Bowring then moved eight resolutions relative to the proper regulation of the public accounts, and expressed his astonishment that the House of Commons had paid no attention to the established fact, that nearly one-eighth of the gross revenues of the nation was expended without any previous parliamentary control.

The Government opposed the resolutions, and Mr. Hume supported them. In the end, Dr. Bowring declared, that though he would not divide on the whole of his resolutions, he thought the first of them so important, that he must take the sense of the House upon it. The resolution stated, "That this House cannot be the effectual guardian of the revenues of the state, unless the whole of the taxes, and of various other sources of income received for the public account, be either paid in or accounted for to the Exchequer."

The House then divided on the previous question, which was moved as an amendment by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The numbers were:

For the amendment	54
Against it	55

Majority against it	1
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This result was received with loud cheers.

The House then divided on the resolution, when the numbers were:

For it	56
Against it	51

Majority in its favour	5
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Still louder cheers followed the annunciation of this second defeat of Ministers.

Mr. Feargus O'Connor then moved the nomination of the committee on the National Land Company.

Another meeting of physical-force Chartists and Irish Confederates was held last night on Clerkenwell Green. The proceedings were nearly the same in spirit as those of the preceding evening—the procession excepted. There have, however, been serious riots in the country. At Bradford, Halifax, Bingley, &c. meetings have been held, clubs formed, and martial exercise attempted. Two persons, arrested at Bingley for drilling "national guards," were rescued by the mob. At Bradford, a posse of forty special constables were worsted and severely beaten; but after a struggle, and with the aid of the dragoons, a large number of the rioters were captured. At Leeds, the magistrates have issued a notice forbidding drilling; and at Manchester, a threatened meeting of Repealers has been forbidden by the mayor.

The following advertisement has appeared in the Dublin Freeman:

"THE 'UNITED IRISHMAN.'"

"To the People of Ireland.—John Mitchell is a captive in the hands of our enemies. His office, types, and newspaper machinery are in the possession of the police—the *United Irishman* is at an end. But, under another name, we are anxiously preparing to restore it; and as soon as we can get together the necessary material of a newspaper, the *United Irishman* will again appear under the sovereign style, title, and dignity of the

Irish Felon, to sustain the principles and accomplish the intentions of the illustrious man who is taken from amongst us. In this case we but discharge our clear duty to our country and to him. The prospectus of the *Irish Felon* shall be issued in a few days."

Naples continued tranquil on the 21st. Martial law was still in force, and the red flag continued to float on the forts. The King rode out on the 20th, escorted by a strong military force. The French squadron was lying before Naples. It was believed that the King had consented to pay the 2,000,000 francs claimed by Admiral Baudin to indemnify the Frenchmen who suffered during the collision on the 15th.

Paris also is undisturbed by open violence. And the same is all that can be said of Rome.

June 1.—In the House of Commons, on the order of the day for going into Committee on the Catholic Relief Bill, Mr. Law moved the separation of the bill into two parts, his object being to exclude the regular clergy from the relief proposed.

Mr. Anstey stated that, if the amendment were carried, he would still press that part of his bill against which it was directed, until tardy justice was done to the Roman Catholics. He could not, however, anticipate at the hands of the House such a slight upon the immense majority of the people of Ireland as would be involved in the adoption of this amendment. The result of it would be, to leave one-third of the clergy of that kingdom still outlawed, and without any religious status.

Mr. Newdegate said this bill tended to promote the interests of the Jesuits; but all history shewed that it was for the interests of liberty that the Jesuits should not be permitted either to gain or to retain power.

The Earl of Arundel and Surrey saw no necessity for dividing this bill into two, and contended that the Jesuits were the most loyal subjects of every government under which they lived.

Mr. Napier took a different view of the amendment, and maintained that it was most important to the interests of the empire to keep unimpaired the distinction which had been drawn by Lord Somers between the loyal Catholic subjects of the empire, and those who acknowledged the authority of a foreign power. The loyal Catholics had now complete toleration.

Mr. Fagan objected altogether to the clauses which Mr. Anstey proposed to add to the bill, because he considered that such amendments, coming from a Roman Catholic, were almost as insulting to the body of the regular clergy as the clauses which he wished to repeal.

Sir R. Inglis asserted that in thirty-five instances the Jesuits had been condemned under every form of government in every country in the world during the last two centuries.

Mr. Sheil quoted the opinion of Lord Stanley in favour of the Jesuits as a set-off against the opinion of Lord Palmerston to their disadvantage. It was a scandal to the criminal law of England that Jesuits coming into this country should be liable to transportation for fourteen years. He was, however, less solicitous upon this part of the bill than he was upon another, which removed the practical grievance under which the Catholics suffered in being excluded from the Lord Chancellorship of Ireland.

After a singular speech from Mr. Henry Drummond, in which he insisted that there was a most essential difference between the dead Papists of books and real live Roman Catholics, and in which he expressed his willingness to vote for every practical object to which Mr. Sheil had alluded, the house divided, when Mr. Law's instruction to the Committee was carried by a majority of 129 over 42 voices.

The House then went into Committee; but the proceedings were so confused that when 6 o'clock came no progress had been made in the consideration of the bill.

Yesterday evening Clerkenwell Green presented a scene of very considerable excitement, in consequence of the announcement made by Mr. Williams and the other leaders of the procession on Monday night, that a great meeting would be held there, for ulterior purposes which were not distinctly specified, but which, it was known, if carried into effect, would seriously compromise the public peace. In preparation for this assembly, the police were disposed in the neighbourhood in such a manner, that while assembled in great force at all the inner stations, 4000 or 5000 men could in a very short space of time be marched upon any given point. Three squadrons of cavalry and a strong body of mounted police occupied positions in Clerkenwell and Finsbury, within reach of any commotion that might arise.

The special constables were all called out. No meeting, however, took place; though a crazy orator succeeded in producing a slight disturbance, and getting a few heads broken.

The activity of the magistrates has also prevented any outbreak in Manchester, Leeds, and other places in the North.

A numerous and influential town's meeting of the inhabit-

ants of Liverpool was held in the Sessions House yesterday, in pursuance of a requisition addressed to the mayor, "for the purpose of petitioning Parliament to take immediate measures, by wise and prudent retrenchment and a just revision of taxation, to equalise the ordinary expenditure with the ordinary income of the country."

The Shearwater steamer, with Mr. Mitchell on board, put into the harbour of Spike Island at an early hour on Sunday; and before the anchor was dropped, the convict was landed on the island and handed over to the custody of the governor. He was brought on shore in the custody of two of the Dublin police and two marines. The *Cork Examiner* says: "Shortly after his arrival, Captain Atkins, of Waterpark, the inspector of the Penitentiary, gave orders that a separate room should be provided for him, and that he should not be interfered with for this day; but that to-morrow he would be obliged to wear the convict dress, and be treated in all respects as an ordinary convict."

Lord Cloncurry has sent a donation of 100*l.* towards the fund raising for the support of Mrs. Mitchell.

The French Government is resolved upon sending away from Paris all who cannot prove that they are capable of supporting themselves, and who are not residents of the city.

Accounts from Madrid announce the arrest of Lieutenant-Colonel Bristowe, an Englishman who had resided several years in that capital. No cause was assigned for the enforcement of such measure, which it appears was adopted without the knowledge of the Minister, by a superior authority. Colonel Bristowe was liberated on the 25th, but ordered to quit Madrid for France in the evening, under charge of the police.

Naples continues prostrate before the King's despotic will. The Emperor of Austria remains at Innsbruck.

Documents.

DRAFT OF THE NEW PRUSSIAN CONSTITUTION.

THE document is divided into a number of articles and paragraphs, treating of the principal subjects, and illustrating and providing for the same. Only the grand features of the constitution stand out in a decided and unalterable form; all minor matters, though many of them of great importance, are reserved for the legislation of the Prussian Parliament. The rights of Prussian citizens are—equality before the law; personal liberty; inviolability of citizens' houses; the right of property, which cannot be confiscated, and which can only be turned to public use according to the provisions of law and as an indemnification; religious liberty; all religions are free, unless they infringe penal laws or violate or endanger public security, order, or morality; religious communities are free to communicate with their superiors; liberty of instruction, though this is open to limitation by future statutes; liberty of the press, the censorship being for ever abolished; right of meeting peacefully and unarmed; right of association and petition, and the common right and duty of serving in the army.

The king's person is inviolable. His ministers are responsible. His decrees, to be valid, must have the countersignature of at least one minister. The king monopolises the executive power. He decrees the proclamation of laws and provides for their execution. He commands the army, appoints all civil and military officers, declares war, and concludes peace and treaties with foreign powers. Commercial treaties require for their validity the adhesion of the parliament. He pardons offences and commutes punishments. If a minister is sentenced, he cannot do so unless petitioned by the parliament. He confers titles and other marks of honours. He convokes and prorogues the parliament and dissolves it. He cannot prorogue it for above thirty days unless with its own consent, and a new house must be assembled sixty days after the dissolution of the old one.

The ministers can be impeached by a resolution of the lower house, and tried by the upper. They vote in that house in which they are members, but they may appear in either house.

The legislative power belongs jointly to the king and the two houses. They must agree on each law.

The princes of the royal family, and sixty peers to be nominated by the king, form part of the upper house. This dignity is hereditary, but it is attached to a property qualification of 8000 dollars per annum. The other part is formed by 180 members to be elected by the people at large. These must have passed their fortieth year, and are subject to a property qualification of 2500 dollars per annum. They are elected for eight years.

The members of the lower house are elected for four years. They are not subject to any property qualification, but they must be above thirty years old.

The sittings of both houses are public.

They pass their resolutions by a majority of votes.

They may put questions to the ministers, move and vote

addresses to the king, and no member is legally responsible for his votes or speeches in Parliament.

They are free from arrest during the session.

The members of the upper house are not paid: those of the lower house are paid.

Judges are appointed for life. They are not removable to another post, unless with their own free consent. They cannot hold any other office.

The sittings of the courts of law are public.

The facts of crimes are to be decided by juries.

The supplies are annually voted. Taxes and loans must be voted by Parliament.

Miscellanies.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE ROYAL FAMILIES OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—The *Revue Rétrospective* contains the following sequel of this correspondence, brought to a conclusion by the marriage of the Duke de Montpensier:

To Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain.

Madame,—Confident in that great friendship of which your Majesty has given us so many proofs, and in the amiable interest which you have always shewn to all our children, I hasten to announce to you the conclusion of the marriage of our son Montpensier with the Infanta Luisa Fernanda. This family event overpowers us with joy, because I hope it will insure the happiness of our dear son, and that we shall find in the Infanta a new daughter, as good and as amiable as the elder ones, and who will add to our internal happiness, the only true happiness in this world, and which you, madame, know so well how to appreciate. I ask of you, in anticipation, your friendship for our new child, feeling sure that you will partake all the sentiments of devotion and of affection which we all feel for you, for Prince Albert, and for all your dear family.—I am, madame, your Majesty's entirely devoted servant and friend,

MARIE AMELIE.

To Her Majesty the Queen of the French.

Osborne, Sept. 10, 1846.

Madame,—I have just received your Majesty's letter of the 8th of this month, and I hasten to thank you for it. You remember, perhaps, what happened at Eu between the King and me; you know the importance which I have always attached to the maintenance of our cordial understanding, and the zeal with which I have laboured in it. You have learned without doubt that we refused to arrange the marriage between the Queen of Spain and our cousin Leopold (which the two Queens were very anxious for), with the sole object of not departing from a course which might be more agreeable to the King, although we could not consider that course as the best. You can then easily comprehend that the sudden announcement of this double marriage could cause us nothing but surprise and very deep regret. I ask pardon, madame, for speaking to you at the present moment about politics, but I am glad to be able to say for myself that I have been always sincere with you. Begging you to present my respects to the King, I am, madame, your Majesty's very devoted sister and friend,

VICTORIA R.

SALE OF ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS, &c.—A sale by auction of a collection of splendid manuscripts, and a curious selection of early French romances, chronicles, and histories, printed upon vellum, was proceeded with yesterday by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, the auctioneers, of Wellington Street, Strand. The rooms were crowded. The following out of the 184 lots forming the sale are worthy of notice:—*Hore in Laudem Virginis Mariæ*, printed at Paris in 1541, and extremely rare, sold for 8*l.*; *Preces Privatae*, a manuscript upon vellum, of the 15th century, of French art, sold for 23*l.* 10*s.*; *Breviarium Romanum*, a fine manuscript of Flemish art, upon vellum, of the 14th century, executed upon 672 pages, and richly illuminated, sold for 34*l.*; *Biblia Sacra Latina*, manuscript upon vellum, of the 14th century, sold for 14*l.*; *Jehan Boccace des Cas Nobles Hommes et Femmes*, a most beautiful manuscript of the 15th century, upon vellum, adorned with nine miniature paintings and upwards of 140 illuminated initial letters, sold for 33*l.* 10*s.*; *Gaguini (Roberto) Compendium super Francorum Gestis*, printed upon vellum, the only copy known: this beautiful specimen of early Parisian typography was printed by Kerver in 1500, and sold for 16*l.* 10*s.*; *Guy de Warwick*, a fine copy of this rare romance, printed at Paris by Anthoine Conteau in 1527, sold for 26*l.*; *Lancelot du Lac fait de la Perpetuation de Memoire de Vertueux Faix et Gestes des Chevaliers de la Table Ronde*, an excessively rare romance, printed at Rouen in 1488, and subsequently in the Heber collection, sold for 30*l.* 10*s.*—at Mr. Heber's sale it brought 55*l.*; *Merlin's Prophecies*, black letter, printed at Paris in 1498 by Verard, sold for 20*l.* 10*s.*; *The History of Saint Greall*, the first book of the Round Table, printed by Pettit at Paris in 1516, sold for 16*l.*; *Les Sept Pseaumes de la Penitence*, a small but beautiful manuscript upon vellum, with eight highly finished miniatures the size of the

page. This beautiful volume was executed for Anne Chabot, Duchess of Rohan, second wife of Francis, Duke of Rohan, Prince of Soubise, in 1621. The arms of the duchess are emblazoned at the commencement of the volume and throughout; the painting of the Virgin is a representation of the celebrated Duchess de Vallière. At the sale of Mr. Dent's library this exquisite little volume sold for 130*l.*; yesterday, however, it fetched but 32*l.* The most choice books in the day's sale were the *Musée Français* and the *Musée Royal*, comprising choice proofs of engravings of the pictures of the greatest painters; it sold for 127*l.* The other books were equally interesting.—*Globe*.

PARLIAMENTARY GRANTS TO ART, LITERATURE, EDUCATION, &c.—The Miscellaneous Estimates for the year ending March 31, 1849, have just been laid before Parliament. They are, as usual, subdivided into several branches. No. 1 comprehends "Public Works and Buildings," to which it is proposed to appropriate a sum of 483,976*l.*, against 589,253*l.* in 1847-48; of this sum, 120,923*l.* will be appropriated to public buildings and Royal palaces, 30,000*l.* to the enlargement and improvement of Buckingham Palace, 8410*l.* to the palm-house at Kew, 4234*l.* to the expenses of the temporary Houses of Parliament, 120,000*l.* to those of the new Houses of Parliament, 21,300*l.* to the Insolvent Debtors' Court, 4050*l.* to courts of law in the Isle of Man, 12,792*l.* to Holyhead harbour, 131,000*l.* to harbours of refuge, 23,167*l.* to public buildings, &c. in Ireland, and 8100*l.* to Kingstown harbour. No. 2 includes the salaries and expenses of public departments, to the amount of 1,043,295*l.*, against 976,170*l.* in 1847-48, and 826,889*l.* in 1846-47. No. 3 includes the department of "law and justice," to which it is proposed to appropriate a sum of 1,032,727*l.*, exhibiting an increase of 152,638*l.* as compared with the year 1846, and a decrease of 3611*l.* as compared with the year 1847. No. 4 includes the sums applied to the encouragement and promotion of education, science, and art, the estimate of which for the current year amounts to 397,520*l.*, against 351,243*l.* in 1847, and 325,908*l.* in 1846. Of this sum 125,000*l.* is to be appropriated to public education in Great Britain, 120,000*l.* to the same purpose in Ireland, 10,000*l.* to schools of design, 4178*l.* to the University of London, 7480*l.* to universities in Scotland, 6600*l.* to the Irish academies, 3442*l.* to the Belfast Academical Institution, 99,249*l.* to the British Museum, 1500*l.* to the National Gallery, 10,788*l.* to the Museum of Practical Geology and Geological Survey, 5627*l.* to scientific works and experiments, and 2000*l.* to the completion of the Nelson Monument. No. 6 includes the department of superannuation and retired allowances, the estimate of which amounts to 176,458*l.*, against 187,349*l.* in 1847, and 179,185*l.* in 1846.

REMAINS OF MARY OF GUELDRS.—The workmen engaged in excavating the site of Trinity College Church, Low Calton, for the extension of the North British Railway terminus, having been directed to search the sacristy of the church, situate on the north of the transept, in conformity with a warrant from the Woods and Forests directed to Mr. Mathewson, about three o'clock on Monday afternoon came upon an oaken coffin deposited precisely in the spot indicated as the grave of the foundress, and supposed to contain her remains. The coffin displayed no external ornament by means of which it could be distinguished; and all around it, to the depth of twelve feet from the surface where it was found, the excavators met with innumerable bones and skulls of human subjects. We should mention, however, that in the course of previous operations on the church, the floor had apparently been raised three feet above its original level. Yesterday forenoon a number of officials, including Mr. Kerr, of her Majesty's Office of Works, who directed the progress of the operations, attended in the church to witness the examination of the skeleton by Professor Good-sir. On breaking up the oaken coffin it was found to contain the skeleton of a woman, nearly entire, with the exception of the hands and feet. The spine appeared to be considerably distorted. We inquired of the Professor what opinion he had formed of the discovery, but at present he declined pronouncing explicitly on the subject; all that could be said was, that there had undoubtedly been found, on the spot in question, a female skeleton. During the examination Bishop Gillis, attended by a number of clergy and laity of the Roman Catholic persuasion, were present in the church, and appeared to be much occupied with some forms of procedure amongst themselves. The remains, after being examined, were again deposited in their coffin, and that enclosed in a leaden one newly prepared for the occasion, which was strung with tape and sealed up. The whole, with sundry parcels of bones and dust, was then removed in a wooden box, by means of a hearse, to the Queen's Treasurer's Remembrancer's office, in Parliament Square, where the supposed Royal remains await interment in Holyrood. We hope that the opportunity will be embraced for encasing in coffins the other skeletons that are presently seen through the grating of the Royal vaults, bleaching in the sepulchral damp—we refer to the thigh bones of Darnley, &c., which used to form so indecent an exhibition to the visitors of Queen Mary's apartments. We

may mention that Mary of Gueldres was the consort of James II.; and the arms of Gueldres were sculptured in one of the buttresses near the spot where her supposed remains were interred. The officers of Exchequer are watching the excavations, for the purpose of claiming any treasure trove that may be thrown up.—*Edinburgh Mail*.

ANTIQUARIAN CURIOSITY.—A short time since a skeleton was discovered in a field in the parish of Longcot, near Shrivenham, where the recent accident on the Great Western Railway occurred, about three feet below the surface of the ground, on the stone stratum, with the feet towards the east. It had on a necklace of beads, of various shapes and sizes, some of glass, and others of an earthy substance, and two pendants for the ears, composed of fluor spar, slightly amethystine, and with silver wires passing through them. One hand of the skeleton was laid across the breast, apparently holding a knife, which crumbled to pieces on being touched. Some small pieces of ivory, seeming to be portions of a cup or other vessel, were among the few other things that were found. Two other skeletons have since been discovered within a yard or two of the same spot, lying side by side.—*Cambridge Advertiser*.

NOTICE.

Covers, in cloth, lettered, for binding the First Volume of the *Rambler*, can be had on application to the Publisher, price Eighteen-pence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An *Oscottian*.—The verses are too theological in subject for our pages.

AGENTS FOR INDIA.

Calcutta: Colvin, Anslie, Cowie, and Co.; Rosario and Co.
Bombay: Woller and Co.; J. A. Briggs.
Madras: Binney and Co.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Just published,

PAYNE ROYAL DRESDEN GALLERY.—The first division of this splendid work, containing 10 highly finished Engravings on Steel, after Rembrandt, Ostade, Correggio, Teniers, Wouverman, &c., is just published, price 3*s.* Subscribers in advance obtain a considerable discount, with an impression of the Town and Castle of Heidelberg, after T. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A.

For further particulars, see prospectus, forwarded on application to W. FRENCH, 344 Strand.

Agent Wanted, apply pre-paid.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, SOUTHWARK.—This CHURCH will be solemnly OPENED on TUESDAY, JULY 4th, when the Right Rev. Dr. WISEMAN will officiate pontifically.

Cards of admission can be obtained at the Presbytery, adjoining the new Church, daily, from Eleven till Six. Written applications for Cards to be addressed to M. FORBISTALL, Esq., 13 West Square, Lambeth Road.

Information respecting Services, Preachers, &c., will be given in a future advertisement.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—The EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY is now OPEN. Admission (from Eight o'clock till Seven), One Shilling. Catalogue, One Shilling.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

EXHIBITION of MULREADY'S WORKS, at the Society of Arts, Adelphi, to promote the formation of a NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART, OPENS on MONDAY, the 5th June. Proofs of the SONNET, Lithographed by JOHN LINNELL, Jun., are now ready for delivery to Subscribers of 2*s.* 2*s.* May be seen at Cundall's, 12 Old Bond Street; and Colnaghi's, 13 Pall Mall East.

MR. J. H. FOLEY'S beautiful MARBLE GROUP is on VIEW at Messrs. Dickinson's, 114 New Bond Street.

A CONVERT, and a late ANGLICAN MINISTER, is desirous of obtaining a SITUATION as TUTOR in a private Family, to two or more BOYS. The Advertiser undertakes to instruct in the usual course of Classics and Algebra, as well as French and Hebrew, and, if required, the rudiments of Spanish, Italian, and Syriac.

Address, pre-paid, "Esperance," at Mr. G. Dismore's, 3 Brydges Street, Strand.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—THIS EVENING, LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR. Mdlle. Jenny Lind; Sigs. Gardoni, Bouehe, and Colletti.—And LES ELEMENS. Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi, Mdlle. Carolina Rosati, Mesdmes. Cerito, Ausundon Julien, Payne, and Lamoureux.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—A GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will take place on THURSDAY NEXT, June 8th, on which occasion will be performed, for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera, Cimarosa's Opera, IL MATRIMONIO SEGRETO.

MOURNING.—MR. PUGH, in returning his acknowledgments for the highly distinguished patronage he has so long and liberally received, begs to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and Public in general, that his Maison de Deuil is RE-OPENED, since the recent enlargement of the premises, with the most extensive and general assortment of MOURNING, of every description, ever submitted to the Public.

163 and 165 Regent Street, two doors from Burlington Street.

On the 30th of June will be published,
THE DUBLIN REVIEW. No. XLVIII.
 JULY, 1848.

It is particularly requested that all publications for Review, and Advertisements, Bills, Prospectuses, Catalogues, &c., be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. Richardson and Son, 172 Fleet Street, London; 9 Capel Street, Dublin; or Derby.

In a few days will be published, in one large volume 8vo, price 10s. 6d. cloth lettered,

THE CANONS and DECREES of the COUNCIL of TRENT.

Translated by the Rev. J. WATERWORTH.

To which are prefixed, Essays on the External and Internal History of the Council. Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Rev. N. WISEMAN, D.D., Bishop of Melipotamus, and Pro V.A.L.D.

On Monday next will be published,

A BRIEF REVIEW of the ARGUMENTS alleged in Defence of the Protestant Position, addressed to those who call themselves "Anglo-Catholics" in the Church of England. By a CONVERT TO THE CATHOLIC FAITH.

At press, to be ready shortly,

The HOME of the LOST CHILD; a Tale of the Asylum of the Good Shepherd, Hammersmith.

CLARENDON; a Tale of Recent Times. By ELIZA SMITH.

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This day is published, neatly bound in cloth, price 1s. 6d.

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Extract of a Letter from Mr. J. K. Heydon, dated 78 King Street, Sydney, New South Wales, the 30th September, 1847.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—I have the pleasure to inform you that Stuart A. Donaldson, Esq., an eminent merchant and agriculturist, and also a magistrate of this town, called on me on the 18th instant, and purchased your medicines to the amount of Fourteen Pounds, to be forwarded to his Sheep Stations in New England. He stated that one of his Overseers had come to Sydney some time previously for medical aid, his disorder being an affection of the Liver and Kidneys; that he had placed the man for three months under the care of one of the best Surgeons, without any good resulting from the treatment: the man then, in despair, used your Pills and Ointment, and, much to his own and Mr. Donaldson's astonishment, was completely restored to his health by their means. Now this surprising cure was effected in about ten days.

(Signed) J. K. HEYDON.

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NOTICE.

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